

## flirting on the timeline

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by [cloudfarmer \(crunchylightbulbs\)](#)

### Summary

George: i was working sapnap. why the fuck are you acting like the world is ending

George fits his thumb between his teeth as he waits for Sapnap's reply. He expects he won't have to wait long, as the younger is rarely far away from his

phone. Sure enough, mere seconds later three grey dots appear at the bottom of the screen and George stares at them intently as he waits for Sapnap to finish typing.

Sapnap: check dream's tweets and replies on twitter.

George lets out a sigh of frustration. Why does Sapnap have to be so overly dramatic? But still, George navigates to twitter and types "dreamwastaken" in the search bar, clicking his profile when it appears, and then on Tweets & replies.

The page loads, and he almost drops his phone in shock.

What the actual fuck.

Dream is a popular Minecraft Youtuber and George runs a stan account for him on Twitter. After George replies to one of Dream's tweets with a jokingly flirtatious proposal, it quickly turns into a lot more than George was expecting when Dream publicly accepts.

## Notes

ngl this might be the funniest shit i have ever written and is super self indulgent but you are free to read and hopefully?? enjoy??

warning, there's a lot of swearing because i have no impulse control.

edit: now that it's completed i have gone through the fic and hopefully fixed most (?) of the typos but forgive me if some still remain. tsm for reading <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## top thirty

### Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If you were to tell teenage George that in the future he would run a stan account on Twitter for a Minecraft Youtuber, he would've laughed in your face.

But now here he is, a twenty four year old computer science college graduate with a decent amount of people listening to him rant about how much he wants a green block man to rail him.

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound

*dream's minecraft character is so fucking hot like i'd let him impale me with more than just a diamond sword if you know what i mean*

It's a joke he thought of while binging Dream's old videos the night before and then impulsively posted as soon as he woke up. Honestly it's pretty stupid. But nevertheless, his followers seem to appreciate his humour. He posted it five minutes ago and it already has close to two hundred likes, leaving George to wonder for the thousandth time why simping for Minecraft men on Twitter gets you that much clout.

He's lying on his side in bed mindlessly scrolling through his timeline as he does most mornings, when suddenly his phone buzzes with a message notification.

**Sapnap:** *why u gotta be horny on the tl man was just trying to enjoy my damn hot cheetos*

George snorts, clicking on the notification and quickly tapping out a reply.

**George:** *the other day u were literally talking about how much u wanted to hug karl jacobs after he noticed ur dono.*

**Sapnap:** *YEAH. I WANTED A HUG. NOT FOR HIM TO RAIL ME TF.*

**George:** *i dont see ur point*

**Sapnap:** *at least my mans has an actual face.*

**George:** *i stan dream because of sexy ass personality and ur in love with karl cause of his face? wow shallow much.*

**Sapnap:** *you are so annoying why are we friends.*

**George:** *because im incredibly handsome and funny and u love me obviously*

**Sapnap:** *not if you keep this shit up much longer.*

George smiles down at his phone. Though he sometimes agrees that having a Twitter stan account for a Minecraft Youtuber is pretty pathetic, he can't help but be thankful he decided to make his. Not only does he get to scream about block men on Twitter with many who also feel the same, but through it he met one of his closest friends to this date.

The first time he and Sapnap ever interacted was a heated argument in Dream's replies about whether orange juice or apple juice was better. The shitshow that was over a one hundred and fifty thread of cursing and graphic mom jokes that got Sapnap's account temporarily suspended, somehow morphed into them becoming good friends. Sure, Sapnap is loud, obnoxious, and extremely annoying, but he's George's best friend and he wouldn't trade him for the world. Not that he'll ever tell him that.

Just as George is just typing out a reply to Sapnap his phone buzzes with a tweet notification from Dream's twitter.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

Speedrun stream at around 12pm today :) Give me some motivation to get in the charts lol

George clicks on the notification immediately, a small smile spreading across his face. Without much thought he taps on the speech bubble icon and types out whatever impulsive thought first comes to mind, just as he always does when it comes to his Twitter account

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

how about a kiss on the lips

After he posts the tweet his eyes flick to the time and his smile falls. He has a deadline for a coding commission tomorrow, and with a groan he realises he's barely halfway through it. Reluctantly dragging himself out of bed he sits himself in front of his computer, rubbing his tired eyes as he powers it on. After giving his phone a mournful look, he switches it off entirely and throws it behind him onto his bed. If he wants to get paid enough to avoid his mother kicking him out for being a deadbeat, he can't handle any distractions.

George codes mindlessly for hours, back bent painfully behind his set up as he taps away at his keyboard. He's only taken one break since he woke up, and that was for a pee break and to heat up his breakfast/lunch of left over pizza. He falls into a trance, his world consisting of nothing but the screen in front of his eyes and the keys at his fingertips.

It's only when his cat wanders into his room and jumps into his lap that he snaps out of it. Settling a hand in his grey fur he stretches out his aching back as much as he can while sitting with a cat in his lap. With a sigh he glances at the time. For some reason the hour makes his brow furrow, feeling like he's forgotten something. Almost automatically he translates it into EST in his head. Around noon.

Dream's stream.

George scares his cat half to death as he bolts up in his chair, quickly tabbing out of his coding program to open up the Twitch homepage. Dream's channel is inactive, it seems he hasn't started yet. George slumps down in his chair in relief, at apologises to his cat with a quick scratch behind his ears. Even then he still jumps off George's lap and wanders out of the room with his tail pettily flicking back and forth.

George stands up from his chair and stretches, bones cracking and popping as he sighs. He wanders back over to his bed and flops down on the mattress, collecting his phone and powering it back on.

Immediately he is hit with an onslaught of notifications. They seem to be mostly from Twitter, but underneath those stands out a message from Sapnap in all caps.

**Sapnap:** *GEORGE WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU WHAT THE FUCK*

George frowns as a subtle spike of anxiety jolts through his body. But it quickly passes, and soon George is rolling his eyes. This isn't the first time he's woken up to a dramatic text from Sapnap. It happens so often in fact George is surprised he hasn't started going prematurely grey.

Clicking on the notification he unlocks his phone with his thumb, revealing Sapnap's over fifty messages of illegible keyboard smash. George is too fucking tired for this.

**George:** *i was working sapnap. why the fuck are you acting like the world is ending*

George fits his thumb between his teeth as he waits for Sapnap's reply. He expects he won't have to wait long, as the younger is rarely far away from his phone. Sure enough, mere seconds later three grey dots appear at the bottom of the screen and George stares at them intently as he waits for Sapnap to finish typing.

**Sapnap:** *check dream's tweets and replies on twitter.*

George lets out a sigh of frustration. Why does Sapnap have to be so overly cryptic? But still, George navigates to twitter and types "*dreamwastaken*" in the search bar, clicking his profile when it appears, and then on *Tweets & replies*.

The page loads, and he almost drops his phone in shock.

What the actual fuck.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

Speedrun stream tonight! Give me some motivation to get the world record lol

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

how about a kiss on the lips

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

Bet. What's the cut off?

It can't be real. Surely it's not actually real. But no, when George exits Dream's profile and refreshes, his reply remains.

It's literally two sentences, but George feels like he's about to fucking explode. He gets a Dream notice, and of all the fucking dumb shit he tweets *that's* what Dream replies to? He's going to cry.

After staring at Dream's reply for far too long, he goes to his mentions. A decision he immediately regrets. It's mostly a lot of "HOLY SHIT"s and "who tf even is this guy". But apart from all the people freaking out and the jealous twelve year old girls, there's also some funny "can y'all flirt in the dms" tweets which would normally make George crack a smile if they were in any other context than this one.

He checks his profile. He's gained over three thousand followers.

**George:** *what. the fuck.*

**Sapnap:** *EXACTLY*

George flicks back to twitter to read through the three tweet thread between him and Dream, still in disbelief.

**George:** *WHAT THE FUCK*

**Sapnap:** *He followed you as well dude. And liked your diamond sword tweet.*

George heart drops.

**George:** *you've got to be fucking kidding me.*

But sure enough, when he goes back to Dream's twitter profile and checks his likes, there are both his flirtatious tweets, nestled comfortably in Dream's most recent likes.

**George:** *that's it. its been a good run for me. i will now kill myself out of embarrassment.*

**Sapnap:** *yeah dude that's lowkey mortifying*

**George:** *NOT HELPING*

**Sapnap:** *OK IM SORRY BUT HE FUCKING FOLLOWED YOU. AND LIKED YOUR TWEET. SO THAT AT LEAST THINKS YOUR FUNNY?? I GUESS??*

**George:** *what the fuck do i do.*

**Sapnap:** *answer him obviously, you've left him hanging for like six hours dude .*

**George:** *EXACTLY SO IF I REPLY HE'S NOT EVEN GONNA SEE IT*

**Sapnap:** *george everyone is freaking out you need to say SOMETHING.*

George sighs and runs a sweaty hand through his hair. Sapnap kind of has a point. Considering he's usually pretty active, people might take his radio silence to mean that he has actually died from a

fucking heart attack because of how crazy this all is. Because it is crazy, and he is currently freaking the fuck out. But although George is a certified Dream simp, he is also extremely stubborn. If Dream is going to reply to him, then George isn't going to hold back.

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

No lower than a top 30 time babe. Only the best get anywhere near these lips.

Shit. George is such a fucking idiot what the fuck. The babe was definitely too much. Scratch that, his entire existence is too much.

But he can't delete the tweet, too many people have already seen it. George mouth goes dry as he sees the likes and retweets steadily rise, the embarrassment and regret making him feel sick. He shuts off his phone and throws it down on his bed, rolling off to pace around the room as he runs his hands down his face and groans. But as he contemplates hurling himself out of his bedroom window, his phone screen lights up with another notification.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

Keep your chapstick close by sweetheart.

George throws his phone across the room and screams.

A mere half an hour later, Dream begins his stream. Of course, George is one of the first there. Mostly because he was obsessively refreshing the twitch homepage with *Just keep your chapstick close by sweetheart* playing through his head on loop. When Dream's stream finally appears, George clicks on it so hard he almost breaks his mouse.

“*Hi guys,*” Dream says, his words ending in a quiet laugh. George's heart squeezes. You can literally *hear* the smile in his voice as he welcomes everyone to the stream and in George's already compromised emotional state it's absolutely devastating.

“*Let's hope I actually get some good seeds today yeah?*” Dream says as he boots up Minecraft, navigating to *Singleplayer* and clicking *New world*. George feels some of the wrought tension

leave his body, the soft background noise of Minecraft and Dream's voice coaxing him into relaxed familiarity.

"*After all,*" Dream says with a laugh. "*As you might have seen on twitter there's big stakes today.*"

George stops breathing.

To his horror, the chat doesn't let the comment go. Though thousands are spamming random emotes and expressing their confusion, there are a few that know exactly what Dream is talking about. And unfortunately for George, they are a very loud minority. Variations of "KISSES" and "GEORGE" fill the chat and George wants to suffocate himself with his own pillow.

But he restrains himself, doing nothing but sitting in silence and watching as Dream's world finally loads, and he begins his first run.

The seed is terrible, and after about five minutes of running around aimlessly Dream leaves and boots up a new world. The second seed is better, and Dream is in the nether by five minutes, aided by a village and a ruined portal that had the two blocks of obsidian needed to complete it in its own chest. George can't help but chew his lip nervously as Dream progresses further with a good time. What if he actually does get a top thirty worthy time? Judging by his tweets and the comment at the beginning of the stream, he's actually fairly dedicated to this stupid bit, and George dreads what the man might do if he actually *does* get in the top thirty.

But by some unfortunate luck, while Dream is speed bridging across a lava lake a Ghast rounds the corner and shoots a fireball, knocking him into the lava and burning him to death, simultaneously incinerating his inventory. George lets out the breath he'd been holding, definitely not at all disappointed. Definitely.

"*NO!*" Dream shouts, and loud bangs echo through his mic. Dream's desk is taking the brunt of his rage yet again, and George can't help the snort and fond smile that makes its way onto his face. "*That stupid motherfuck- I mean uhm- That stupid Ghast. That was a good run too...*" George is shamelessly grinning now, as Dream's just continues his whining. It's then that a thought pops into his head. A stupid, dangerous thought.

Without giving himself time to let his brain talk him out of it, he pulls up the donation page and types in an amount and a message and sends it, watching the payment go through with nervous excitement. His donation appears on the screen within seconds.

**GeorgeNotFound** donated \$10.

Pity, I had my chapstick ready to go and everything.

The stream is silent, and George's dread grows as his eyes flick to the chat freaking out with zero response from Dream. But then, finally, a snort and loud wheeze can be heard from Dream's mic.

George's smile grows as Dream continues to choke on his own laughter.

*"Thank you for the \$10 George."* Dream wheezes. *"Sorry to disappoint."*

George is grinning so hard it hurts, but he can't stop. Sure, this whole thing might be absolutely mortifying, but he got to make Dream laugh, so he calls that a win.

*"But hey George?"* Dream says suddenly, and George's heart rate spikes. *"Keep the chapstick handy. You're gonna need it."*

Even though George is alone in his room, he raises a hand to cover his blush.

Dream starts up a new world and continues his speedrunning. He gets bad seed after bad seed, and even when he gets on that's decent, he still somehow manages to die before he can even get close to killing the ender dragon. After what is probably Dream's fiftieth death of the night, the man sighs, saying he's just going to go get a snack and a drink and he'll be back in a moment. George almost feels bad.

But he posts the tweet anyway.

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound

When he promises you top 30 but can't even get into the end without dying. All men do is lie smh.

The giddiness he receives when he hits tweet is addicting, and he tabs out of twitter with a shit-eating grin. Seconds later Dream returns, and George is not ready for what comes out of his mouth.

“FUCK YOU GEORGE IM DOING MY BEST.”

Does- *Does Dream have his fucking Twitter notifications on?*

The chat explodes as George blinks. How the fuck did he get to a point where Dream has his Twitter notifications on?

“*Okay you know what George?*” Dream says, and George thinks no matter how many times he’ll get to hear it, he’ll never get tired of Dream saying his name. “*This is it. This is my last run.*”

George laughs lightly at the whiny and defeated tone of Dream’s voice, but then, his tone abruptly changes, lowering into something deep and commanding.

“*And I’m getting in the top thirty, so you better be fucking ready.*”

George swallows.

The seed starts off good. There’s a village near spawn, and Dream collects his wheat and beds in silence. The five iron from the iron golem is also a win, already enough to make a bucket and the flint and steel Dream needs. Flint is collected at four minutes, a lava pool is found at five. Dream is in the nether by five minutes and fifty seven seconds.

And he spawns in a fucking fortress.

“Aha YES!” Dream yells, his character punching the air in excitement as he runs through the fortress searching for a blaze spawner. He finds it in no time, killing blazes until he has seven rods, and then exiting the fortress, dropping down onto the netherrack and mining some gold nuggets. George watches intensely as he crafts the nuggets into gold ingots, finds the piglins and begins trading, digging a hole for them. After what feels like way too long, and with an inventory of useless items, Dream has gathered fourteen ender pearls.

He has everything he needs, and there’s four minutes to go.

George feels like he’s about to pass out from the suspense as he watches Dream sprint in the

direction of his eye of ender. Dream actually might do it.

By the time he enters the end, he has one minute left to get into the top thirty.

Dream uses a spare ender pearl to get to the middle, and there he waits, beds sitting in his hotbar, and the seconds ticking down.

*“Come on.”* Dream says. *“Come on.”*

With thirty seconds left, the dragon comes down.

Dream uses his beds to repeatedly explode the dragon and rapidly depletes its health bar. In no time the last bit of purple disappears, and the dragon roars as beams of light pour out of its chest.

*“FUCK YEAH BABYYYY!”* Dream screams, and George brings his hands up to cover ears, biting his lip to hold back a smile.

Dream’s mic becomes muffled suddenly and George wrinkles his eyebrows in confusion before his phone buzzes in his hand.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

WHERES MY FUCKING KISSES

George grins, rolling his eyes as he clicks on the notification and types out his reply.

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

Ugh fine. \*kisses you gently\*

Dream is still streaming, and a few seconds after he posted his tweet Dream fucking *giggles*. George can’t believe this is real.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Dream draws to a close by thanking all the subs, donations and everyone who came to watch. After a final goodbye with his smile so evident in his voice it makes George *ache*, the stream ends.

George exits out of the stream tab and gets up out of his chair, stumbling over to his bed and falling into the covers. For a moment he just lays there, clutching his phone to his heart with a soft smile gracing his face.

His phone buzzes.

**Sapnap:** *what the actual fuck happened today.*

George laughs, wondering what this must have been like to watch everything unfold from Sapnap's perspective.

**George:** *i dont even know. im gonna go look at twitter lol.*

He scrolls through twitter for a while, looking through all the replies to his and Dream's tweets, and -unbelievably- the trending hashtags "george" and "dreamnotfound" (A combination of *Dream* and George's username, apparently.) Some people even fucking *drew* him. A lot of the artists had stalked his twitter and found his "dream tweet selfie day". Though it doesn't actually show his face, he'd taken a screenshot of his own Minecraft skin and put it side by side with Dream's, which the artists had taken and ran with. George can't help but gush at the cute little drawings of a brown haired boy in a blue shirt with white goggles. He likes and retweets all the drawings, even the ones of him giving Dream a little smooch in congratulations.

After lots of scrolling, retweeting and liking, George's eyes start to droop. He wants to stay awake, doesn't want this unreal day to end. But distantly at the back of his mind, he registers he still has the rest of that coding to do for tomorrow, and needs a good night sleep if he wants any hope of scrounging the last few lines minutes before the deadline.

As one last desperate stab to bask in the glow of his five seconds of fame, George checks his message inbox. But the influx of message requests from random people begging to be his new best friend only exhausts him more, and so he gets out of the app and turns off his phone.

This message request sits unseen in his inbox.

*Do you want to let **Dream** message you? They won't know you've seen their message until you accept.*

**Mute, block, or report - Delete - Accept**

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

Hi :)

George falls asleep with his phone still clutched in his hand, and the ghost of Dream's name on his lips.

Chapter End Notes

hope u enjoyed the fic!

love u all bye bye <3

# blue

## Chapter Summary

george finally replies to his DMs, gives sapnap a call, and realises that maybe he should stop trying to push people away.

## Chapter Notes

aha i have returned with more. tysi for all your nice comments on the last chapter, literally nothing gives me more serotonin.

apologies for any typos you may encounter my brain go brbrbrbrrrrbrrrb and i miss a lot, but otherwise, enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Spinning around in his office chair and chewing obsessively on his bottom lip, Dream checks his phone for the hundredth time that day.

He still hasn't replied.

Dream groans and throws his phone down onto his desk a little too hard, frustratedly running his fingers through his hair and viciously tugging on the knots. It hurts, but that just makes him pull even harder.

It's been a *week* and he still hasn't replied.

Even though George has countless tweets describing the various ways he wants Dream to ruin him, for some reason he can't find it in himself to reply to Dream's dm, and it is driving him insane.

At first he was worried he'd scared George off. After all, Dream knows what it's like to be under the spotlight. Even though he loves his career and fans to death, sometimes having your every word heard and analysed by millions gets overwhelming. Maybe the attention George has received after Dream's replies to his tweets have been too much, and he'd deleted Twitter for good.

But George hasn't deleted twitter, as after Dream posted his new video, George had promptly shared his insight.

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound

why is dream's voice in his video intro so gravelly?? gonna make me act up tf

The answer to his question is that Dream had been up all night stalking George's twitter and desperately waiting for him to reply. But it's not like he can tell him that. So instead he likes the tweet and watches everyone else freak out. (Still with zero response from George.)

He doesn't even know why he cares so much, but from the moment he goes to sleep and as soon as he's conscious the next morning, George is on his mind.

Banter on Twitter is always fun, but with George it had been *exhilarating*. At first, Dream's reply to "*how about a kiss on the lips*" had been innocent fun, just giving a fan a surprise and enjoying everyone freaking out. But George's response had been forward, confident, and *daring* - and Dream isn't one to back down from a challenge. The tweets and the on-stream bit had been fun and Dream doesn't regret it, but being that he has millions of followers across his platforms, any interaction he has with someone is broadcasted for everyone to see, which is why he resolved to message George privately. It would have been successful if George would just FUCKING REPLY.

Dream has all but given up, and after lots of moping has moved into the fifth stage of grief: acceptance. To help ease the pain and apparent rejection, he decides to eat cereal for dinner just because he can.

It's as he's pouring in the milk that his phone buzzes with a notification.

**step dream ;)** @georgenotfound has accepted your request.

**George:** *heyyy :]*

Dream jerks in shock, and the milk he was pouring goes everywhere.

Cursing he grabs a cloth, doing his best to mop up the mess. But the cloth is soon soaked, and Dream runs off to his bathroom to fetch a towel.

After the kitchen counter and floor is dry -albeit a bit clouded and sticky- Dream plops himself down on the floor, phone in hand. George had sent another message in the time it had taken Dream to clean up, and he reads it with his heart racing and his bottom lip snug between his teeth.

**George:** *sorry it took so long to reply*

*No it's okay!!* Dream types, cursing when he has to backspace and correct his typos made by his trembling hands. *I'm sure you had stuff to do or something.*

Three grey dots appear at the bottom of the screen. George is *typing*. Dream feels like he's going to pass out. It's kind of weird that George is the one that's so calm and Dream is the one nervous considering George is the one that is meant to be a stan of *him*, but he is too excited to care.

**George:** *not really lol. just after the whole kisses thing with dream a week ago my dms got flooded and i was kinda overwhelmed.*

Dream blinks.

**George:** *i feel like a lot of people thought that me and dream were besties all of a sudden but i promise you we're not lol. i am but another thirsty stan who had the misfortune of getting noticed.*

Dream is very confused.

**Dream:** *uhm*

**Dream:** *do you know who you're talking to?*

**George:** *no sorry am i meant to?? sorry if i've forgotten u or something i've been kinda all over the place this week oof*

**Dream:** *uh george*

**Dream:** *check my profile*

**George:** *ok one sec*

Dream waits.

**George:** *WHAT TEH FUCKG*

**George:** *WAIT WHAST RTHE ACTUWL FFUCK*

**George:** *DREAMM?*

**Dream:** *yeah lol*

**George:** *IM SO SORRY I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STUPID PARODY ACCOUNTS*

**George:** *WAIT FUCK THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING NO*

Dream can't help the wheezes that tear themselves from his throat as George dissolves into panicked apologies. He really shouldn't -because George is very obviously already freaking out-but George is far too fun to tease.

**Dream:** *i can't believe you left me in your requests for a week :((*

**Dream:** *i thought you loved me georgie </3*

**George:** *SHUT UP I LITERALLY HATE YOU SO MUCH*

**Dream:** *playing sad by xxxtentacion on loop rn. wonder how dreamsspotify is gonna explain this one.*

**George:** *WHY MUST YOU DO THIS TO ME*

**George:** *but u lowkey do need to get better music taste everyone's kinda judging u*

**Dream:** *hey you let me have my music taste and i let you have your thirst tweets okay?*

**George:** *THIS IS SO FUCKING MORTIFYING CAN DEATH PLEASE JUST TAKE ME*

Just like that, all of Dream's worries and doubts from the past week are gone. He's sitting on his kitchen floor smiling down at his phone like he just won the lottery, and even though his ass hurts from sitting on hard marble, he has no plans to move.

Him and George easily banter back and forth, though it's mostly just Dream teasing and George responding in the various ways he wants to end his pain. But after Dream assures him that he's joking, that he doesn't want to crucify him for leaving him unopened for a week, George relaxes.

They talk. About twitter and everyone freaking out and how funny it was to the both of them. George sends Dream some of his favourite fanart of the both of them, and Dream is left wondering for the thousandth time just how the hell his fans are so fucking talented.

George also congratulates him on his top thirty speedrun, and Dream thanks him for his kisses. And although George responds confidently with *you're welcome, appreciate them like the rarity they are*. Dream can just imagine that across the world in Britain, the man is hiding a furious blush.

A small noise pulls Dream away from his and George's conversation, and he smiles when he sees what caused it.

**Dream:** *patches is here :D*

**George:** *GASP tell her i love her so much more than her bitchass owner*

**Dream:** *:(  
:(*

**Dream:** *fine but only if you tell your kitty the same*

**George:** *?? how'd u know i have a cat*

Dream freezes. Shit.

Okay, so Dream swears his depression induced stalking was innocent at first. Just surface level skimming of George's account and recent tweets. But as the days without George's reply added up, Dream went deeper into the man's account to cope.

Through his bio he had learned that George is twenty four years old, and British - judging by the little Union Jack emoji next to his pronouns. Going a little deeper, from the rare occasions George talked about himself and not how much he wanted "Dream in netherite armour to absolutely violate him", Dream learned a lot. George had graduated from college with a Computer Science degree, and currently took commissions as a freelance developer to support himself. He liked Minecraft - obviously- and had been a fan of Dream since his very first video.

But it was after three hours of scrolling and almost two years worth of tweets, Dream discovered ThePhoto™.

The picture quality was abysmal, taken in some sort of bedroom with extremely poor lighting. It was cropped so you couldn't see his face, but George was in the photo, and cradled in his arms was an adorable grey cat. Dream stayed staring at the photo for way too long, eyes raking over George's lean arms, his hands buried in the cat's grey fur. And, in the upper half of the photo, the outline of slender collarbones peeking out underneath the collar of George's dark blue shirt.

Dream had bookmarked the tweet.

**Dream:** *i uhm*

**Dream:** *i guessed*

**George:** *YOU STALKED MY ACCOUNT DIDNT YOU*

**Dream:** *NO*

**George:** *OH MY GOD YOU TOTALLY DID*

**Dream:** *fuck fine i did*

**George:** dude *WHAT that photo is from like two years ago*

**Dream:** *WHAT ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO YOU DIDNT REPLY TO ME FOR A WEEK*

**George:** *lololol ur so obsessed with me*

**Dream:** *so what did you want me to impale you with again? other than a diamond sword ofc*

**George:** *I TAKE IT BACK IM SORRY*

Dream laughs, but has to bring a hand up to cover his mouth when it involuntarily turns into a yawn. He flicks his gaze to the time and his eyes widen.

**Dream:** *i've been talking to you for like 2 hours what*

**Dream:** *sorry for taking up so much of your time lol*

**George:** *please we both know that this is the best day of my life*

**George:** *I MEan*

**George:** *you're welcome for me taking my precious time to talk to you, you pleb.*

Dream rolls his eyes, but a fond smile creeps its way onto his face.

**Dream:** *yeah yeah*

**Dream:** *anyways i should probably head to bed. got a scheduled stream with quackity tomorrow and i don't wanna be dead tired*

**George:** *oh yeah of course go get some sleep!! I'll look forward to the stream tomorrow.*

**George:** *good night dream :]*

An indescribable warmth blooms in Dream's chest as he reads George's goodnight message with the little square smile tacked on the end. He can't help but feel that the long week was worth the wait.

**Dream:** *goodnight, george.*

George has no idea how the fuck he's still breathing at this point.

Wrapping his mind around the fact that the kisses tweets between him and Dream actually happened and wasn't just some elaborate daydream was enough work. And then, a week later, *he somehow has a whole 2 hour and 17 minute text conversation with the Dream.*

What the fuck.

But what's even weirder is how natural it was, Dream being ridiculously easy to talk to. He was funny, playful, and though he acted like George's teasing broke his heart, it was obvious he was joking. Sure, during the first ten minutes George was so utterly mortified he was considering changing his name, moving to Serbia and raising goats on a isolated farm with no internet connection. But after that? Conversation flowed.

Even hours after they said their goodbyes and Dream went to sleep, George still felt all giddy and warm.

And like he was going to fucking explode if he didn't tell anyone what happened.

Although Dream hadn't specifically told him not to, George felt he couldn't tweet about Dream's message and their conversation. He hadn't been lying when he'd told Dream he'd gotten hundreds of people flocking to him after their interaction on twitter. People had filled his inbox trying to become best friends purely because Dream had noticed him. Frankly, it was dehumanizing and downright annoying. If people knew Dream had personally messaged him, George was sure it would get even worse.

Considering he only had one friend, that left one other option.

“SAPNAP I THINK I’M GOING TO DIE OF A FUCKING HEART ATTACK.”

“*First of all It’s 3 am in Texas so fuck you,*” says Sapnap over the phone, his voice raspy from a mixture of sleep and the phone’s poor audio quality. “*Second of all, why are you having a heart attack?*”

“Dream-” George took a deep breathe, trying to calm his racing heart. “Dream fucking dmed me on twitter.”

Sapnap pauses. “*You’re kidding, right?*”

“I’m not kidding.” George says. “He messaged me over a week ago but I never saw it cause my inbox was flooded.”

“**YOU LEFT DREAM UNOPENED FOR A FUCKING WEEK?**”

George groans, running a hand down his face. “I already feel bad enough about it please do not make me feel worse.”

“*I can’t believe this .*” Sapnap laughs. “*Dream messages you and you somehow blow it .*”

“Well I mean...” George says. “We talked for like two hours, so I think he forgives me?”

“*You fucking WHAT?* ”

George flushes, embarrassed for some reason. “I don’t know how. I didn’t even notice till Dream mentioned it.”

“*That’s...* ” Sapnap trails off, “*that’s actually pretty cool dude.* ”

“Yeah.” George says. Talking about Dream is making the warm fuzzy feeling come back and he

feels all weird. “It was... nice. He’s so fucking funny Sapnap. And just like? Interesting? He’s exactly like he is on stream and in his videos. There were so many times I thought I was gonna kill the conversation by being too dry but he’d say something and suddenly we’d be back to talking effortlessly. It was like our minds synced up or something. He’s so easy to talk to that I kinda forgot I was talking to *him*, you know?” George smiles. “It was like he was just another friend.”

The phone line crackles with Sapnap’s silence.

“Sapnap?” George says, “You still there?”

“*Yeah I’m just...*” Sapnap trails off.

“*Spit it out, Sapnap.*”

“*I’m just worried you might be getting a little ahead of yourself.*”

George frowns. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“*George man, you need to put this in perspective. Like it’s cool that he took his time to message you and stuff but when it comes down to it he has two million twitter followers and ten times as many subscribers.*” Sapnap says. “*To him you’re just another faceless stan, you know?*”

Sapnap’s words are like a bucket of ice cold water being dumped straight on his head, fucking obliterating the warm fuzzy feeling in George’s chest.

“Yeah, I-” He swallows. “I guess.”

George didn’t think his change in mood was that obvious, but Sapnap seems to immediately pick up on his tone.

“*Shit George, I didn’t mean to make you upset man.*”

“No I’m fine. I guess I was just so caught up in it I forgot exactly who he is.” George says with an

awkward laugh, “and who I am.”

*“I didn’t mean that he thinks of you as a nobody George, I just wanted to-”*

“Put things in perspective?”

Sapnap sighs. “*Just... just don’t let it get you down if he doesn’t text you again okay?*”

“Yeah.” George says, feeling pathetic when the beginnings of hot tears prickle behind his eyes.  
“Anyways you should go back to sleep. I’m- I’m sorry for waking you Sapnap.”

“*Wait no dude I’m sorry I didn’t-*”

“Goodnight, Sapnap.” George says, ending the call.

He knows he has no right to be mad at his friend. After all, Sapnap’s right.

George is just a fan. He knows everything about Dream from his favourite colour to the stupid childhood stories he tells on stream. To George, Dream is everything. A “comfort creator”, an entertainer, the videos he goes to after he spends an hour crying his eyes out because of stress, the one thing he always turns to whenever he needs a reminder that life is worth living.

But to Dream? George is just... well, *George*. A insignificant number out of millions.

George showers, eats, and tries desperately not to think about the way Dream’s voice sounds when he says his name.

Quackity streams, and George watches, his breath hitching when Dream joins the call. He watches as Dream and Quackity run around a roblox server, being absolute idiots and having the time of their lives. George cracks a smile at the stupid Quackity impression Dream does, but his heart aches.

It's as Quackity is ending his stream and doing his final goodbyes that George's phone buzzes.

He rolls his eyes without even looking at it. It's probably Sapnap again. He'd been sending him apology texts all day, and George hadn't replied to any. It wasn't that he was really mad anymore, just embarrassed he'd gotten so upset. George isn't the best with expressing how he feels, which tends to make him procrastinate on his apologies.

Although he wants to just leave Sapnap's texts alone and unread to marinate, George knows Sapnap deserves better. Sighing, he picks up his phone off the desk, trying to think of a way to tell his friend he's sorry for being a whiny bitch.

But the text isn't from Sapnap

**Dream:** *hey george! did you catch the stream? :D*

George blinks. After staring at the notification for far too long and realising that it is, in fact *real*, he scrambles to unlock his phone and reply.

But as he's typing an enthusiastic response, Sapnap's words echo in the back of his mind.

*To him you're just another faceless stan.*

George pauses, and backspaces.

**George:** *yeah i did*

Dream is quick to reply.

**Dream:** *did you enjoy it?*

George stares down at his phone, Dream's words burning into his brain. He wants to tell him that

of course he enjoyed it. That he enjoys everything Dream does. How hearing Dream laugh and have fun with Quackity made him happy in a way he can't describe. He wants to tell Dream exactly how much he means to him, and how every text message Dream sends makes his heart race in a way nothing else does.

**George:** *yeah. it was cool.*

Sure, he's being a little dry, a sign he's not feeling the best. But Dream barely knows him, so it should be fine.

Unfortunately for George however, Dream seems to have some sort of sixth fucking sense.

**Dream:** ...

**Dream:** *is there something wrong?*

George curses. Now he's being a nuisance and making Dream worry about him.

**George:** *im fine! I just didn't wanna bother you cause you're probably tired after the stream haha*

“haha”? What the fuck is wrong with him. There's a reason Sapnap is his only friend. He's the only one who has the energy to keep putting up with George's stupidity.

**Dream:** *i wouldn't have texted you if i didn't want to talk to you george.*

George lips part in surprise as he reads Dream's message, his ears and neck growing hot. Dream *wants* to talk to him? No. He must be confused.

**George:** *but*

**Dream:** *but what?*

**George:** *im.. just a stan*

**George:** *and you're... /dream/*

**Dream:** *i'm just a normal guy george*

**George:** *yeah but like*

George lets out a sigh of frustration. How can he explain this?

**George:** *i know everything about you right? and even though i know what you show on stream isn't you in your entirety, you're still you. i'm just a number.*

**George:** *there's only one you, dream. but there's millions of me*

The three grey dots appear as Dream begins typing, and George feels sick. He's ruined everything, hasn't he?

**Dream:** *there's millions of twenty four year old british men named george? wow that's crazy.*

Normally, George would laugh, tell Dream how much of an idiot he is. But now that teasing comment just makes George's stomach twist into uncomfortable knots.

**George:** *you know that's not what i meant.*

**Dream:** *yeah i did. i'm sorry.*

George sighs, running a tired hand down his face.

**Dream:** *but why don't you let me make you more than a number?*

**Dream:** *tell me about yourself.*

George's cheeks grow hot.

**George:** *what would i even tell you? i'm not that interesting*

**Dream:** *anything! your favourite colour, your worst fear. if everybody in the world disappeared and you were all alone, where would be the first place you'd go?*

George snorts.

**George:** *well first of all i'm colourblind so the favourite colour question is discrimination*

**Dream:** *see? i'm already learning so much about you.*

**George:** *you're such an idiot*

**Dream:** *and you're not just a number.*

In the solitary darkness of his bedroom, George smiles. It's true that George is just another of Dream's fans, a single person in a sea of millions, But maybe he should get his head out of his ass and realise that Dream is trying to make him something more. All George has to do is let him.

**George:** *blue*

**Dream:** *blue?*

**George:** *my favourite colour*

**George:** *my favourite colour is blue*

**Dream:** *:)*

**Dream:** *we're off to a good start.*

## Chapter End Notes

dream: hi :D

george: here is a 4000 word essay on why you should not be friends with me because i am annoying and worth nothing

but lol just wanted to mention though this fic is obviously about a creator/fan dynamic, i in no way encourage crushing on or wanting to date ccs. love and support your favourite ccs all you want, but obsessive parasocial relationships and genuinely believing you are friends or have a chance to date your favourite creator is unhealthy.

also!! i actually respect creators who have stated they only think of their fans as numbers/dont "love" their fans. that is perfectly normal, and okay for creators to feel that way. i more used george obsessing over the fact that he's "just a number" as a way to portray his low self esteem and inferiority complex (lol can you tell im projecting)

so yeah anyways, hope you enjoyed :)

follow me on [twitter](#) if you like!! i am very annoying but like,, pogchamp

## discord calls

### Chapter Summary

dream is sad, and george is really fucking awkward. but somehow, they make it work.

### Chapter Notes

HELLO IM BACK SORRY IT TOOK AN AGE I AM VERY INCONSISTENT.

hope y'all enjoy this chapter even tho i hate it <3

as always ignore the many typos there are bound to be i did go through and reread but my brain just skips typos when i edit lol i suck im sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

**Dream:** *do elephants have toes? or is their entire leg just one big toe itself?*

George blinks down at the notification on his phone, the spoon he's using to eat his cereal still hanging out of his mouth.

**George:** *how the fuck would i know dream*

It's mind blowing, actually, how texting Dream has become so normal.

George has -in the span of just one month- gone from posting very one sided thirst tweets about Dream on twitter, to now receiving good morning texts from the man asking him about elephant anatomy. How? George has no fucking idea.

**Dream:** *you don't have to know. just choose an answer and give me a compelling argument*

George scoffs, pulling the spoon out of his mouth as he thinks on it for a moment before typing out his reply.

**George:** *elephants have toenails so that means they have toes.*

**Dream:** *ok but WHY? why do elephants even need toes?*

**Dream:** *wait holy fuck*

**Dream:** *why do WE need toes?*

**George:** *why are you like this*

**Dream:** *I NEED ANSWERS NOT MORE QUESTIONS GEORGE PLEASE*

**George:** *google exists for a reason dickhead. let me eat my cereal in peace.*

George switches off his phone and turns it face down, ignoring the buzzes as he shovels more cereal into his mouth.

Dream is exactly the same through text as he is on-stream: funny, charismatic, and excitedly passionate about his platform. But, as George is slowly coming to realise, Dream is also extremely fucking *clingy*.

He wakes up to a text from Dream every morning without fail, and as soon as he replies, Dream is there to continue the conversation. Spamming him with memes, fanart, teasing him about possible new videos, and asking countless pointless questions. *What's the weather like in London? Do you like football? What's your favourite food? Do you believe that the government is run by mutant lizards?* Though George compliantly answered every question sent his way (Cold, No, Pizza and What the fuck?) it seemed to him that Dream couldn't possibly genuinely care about his answers. Dream just liked to talk for the sake of talking.

Though George acts like the constant spam annoys him -replying to each text to with an exaggerated eye roll and excessive snark- they both know he loves it. George doesn't exactly have a surplus of friends. Being a freelance developer living with his mother means he's barely left the house since he moved back in after college. Probably by his own fault, he's lost contact with any friends he had throughout high school and college. The only real friend he's had in years is Sapnap.

And now unbelievably -with all his weird texts and constant ridiculous questions- he has Dream.

George couldn't be happier.

When George wakes up without his usual good morning text, he doesn't think much of it. Dream is busy guy, that's normal.

But then the day goes on, and George's phone remains silent.

Really, it shouldn't be weird. Dream is an insanely popular content creator and George knows how much work that takes. He could be doing anything. Editing a video for any one of many channels, preparing for stream, or maybe just relaxing without having to worry about texting his weird stan friend.

George is determined not to mope over his phone like a high schooler with a crush, so he puts down it down on his bedside table, and determinedly goes about his day.

He surprises his mother by offering to help her go grocery shopping, and helps her to set up a new bookshelf when they get home. He tidies his room, folding his clothes and discarding of all the old wrappers and papers still lying around. He cleans his bathroom too, then sits down at his computer and deletes all the old and unwanted files he can find.

And then there's nothing left to do.

He spins around in his office chair, bones popping and cracking and he stretches. Planting his feet on the carpet his spinning comes to a halt, his gaze fixed on the phone on his bedside table. He stares, biting his bottom lip.

It couldn't hurt to check.

He quickly sits up, picking up his phone and squinting at the harsh light when it turns on. There's no text from Dream.

But there is one from Sapnap, making George wince a little. He's been neglecting his best friend lately, putting all his social energy into talking to Dream. Sapnap hasn't made a big deal out of it, but George knows it must feel pretty shit when your best friend ghosts you for a month, no matter the reason. Sapnap was his first online friend, and the only one he's managed to keep around for this long. He deserves better.

**George:** *hey sap whats up*

Sapnap replies within seconds.

**Sapnap:** *GASP YOURE NOT DEAD?? WAS HALFWAY DONE WRITING MY SPEECH FOR YOUR FUNERAL AND EVERYTHING*

George rolls his eyes. Maybe he should've just left Sapnap to rot.

**George:** *fuck off ive been busy*

**Sapnap:** *yeah busy with your sexy green boyfriend*

**George:** *shut up he's not my boyfriend. we're literally just friends.*

**Sapnap:** *a week ago you tweeted that you wanted him to crush you with his "enormous juicy ass"*

George grimaces. Sapnap isn't lying, he had tweeted something along those lines. But it isn't his fault that his mind is built to constantly churn out thirst tweets okay? He'd even asked Dream if he thought his tweets were weird now that they were friends, but Dream assured him they didn't make him uncomfortable and he thought they were hilarious. Even going so far to say he looked forward to seeing George's thirst tweets on his timeline.

**George:** *I LITERALLY ONLY TWEETED THAT TO MAKE HIM LAUGH OKAY*

**Sapnap:** *lmao WHAT*

**Sapnap:** *he gets off on your thirst tweets for him?*

**George:** *no what the fuck*

**George:** *it makes it weird when you say it like that*

**Sapnap:** *your whole relationship with him is weird*

**George:** *keep talking like that and ill tell dream to say weird shit about you to karl*

**Sapnap:** *YOU WOULDN'T DARE*

George smiles. He's missed teasing Sapnap more than he realised.

**George:** *mhm*

**George:** *would be a pity if you got blocked by karl on twitter wouldn't it?*

**Sapnap:** *OKAY IM SORRY*

**Sapnap:** *YOUR WEIRD YOUTUBER BF ENCOURAGING YOU TO POST THIRST TWEETS ABOUT HIM ON YOUR TWITTER STAN ACC THAT IS ALSO DEDICATED TO HIM IS VERY NORMAL AND I APOLOGISE*

**George:** ...

**George:** *nvm talking to you was a bad idea.*

**George:** *blocking you, however*

**Sapnap:** *we both know you love me too much*

George rolls his eyes. Sapnap is right. The prick.

**Sapnap:** *ok but on a more serious note, how are things going with him? you havent really told me much except the fact that he was still talking to you*

George hums, kind of unprepared for the genuine question and unsure how to answer. It's odd, actually. Part of him wants to tell Sapnap absolutely everything. About how ridiculously clingy Dream is, but how he's so interesting and fun to talk to that George can text him for hours straight without even noticing that time has passed. He wants to tell Sapnap about how even though he's only known Dream -truly known him outside of what he shows himself on social media- for a month, George feels as if he's never meant anyone who understands him better.

But that's way too emotional and real and Sapnap is sure to make fun of him.

**George:** *pretty chill. we text often*

**Sapnap:** *how much is often*

George hesitates.

**George:** *like everyday?*

**Sapnap:** *ah yes. very Chill.*

**George:** *oh come on. i texted you like everyday when we first became friends*

**Sapnap:** *yeah cause nobody else replied to your annoying ass*

**George:** *damn ok didnt need to come for me like that*

**Sapnap:** *lol sorry just meant that texting everyday isnt really "chill" dude*

**George:** *i mean he hasnt texted me today so*

**Sapnap:** *SO THATS WHY YOU FINALLY REPLIED TO ME WHORE*

George snorts, Sapnap is too perceptive for his own good sometimes.

**George:** *lmao*

**Sapnap:** *dont you “lmao” me you two faced son of a bitch*

**Sapnap:** *does our four years of friendship mean NOTHING*

**George:** *please if this was u and you were suddenly on texting terms with karl i would never hear from you again*

**Sapnap:** *yeah cause karl wouldnt BETRAY ME*

**George:** *guess we'll never know though cause he doesn't know u exist :p*

**Sapnap:** *YOU MOTHERFUCKER*

George laughs, though quickly having to bring a hand up to his mouth when it turns into a yawn. His eyes lazily flick to the time.

**George:** *i might go to bed. lowkey pretty tired*

**Sapnap:** *no problem dude get some sleep*

**Sapnap:** *and not to sound like a clingy bitch but could you maybe reply to me more often? we also haven't played minecraft together in forever.*

**Sapnap:** *im sure things are awesome with dream but i miss you :(*

A sharp twist of guilt makes George wince as he reads Sapnap's texts.

**George:** *course sap, sorry i've been kinda distant.*

**George:** *you're my best friend. and even though ur short and stinky i maybe miss you too :)*

**Sapnap:** *I AM LITERALLY FUCKING TALLER THAN YOU AND WE'VE NEVER MET IRL SO HOW COULD YOU KNOW IF IM STINKY*

**George:** *because u are*

**George:** *goodnight <3*

**Sapnap:** *...*

**Sapnap:** *good night <3*

George exits out of their texts with a smile. He's so fucking lucky to have a friend like Sapnap.

But now that he's out of their texts, George once again sees a flash of green, and Dream's name with still no new message. George bites his lip.

**George:** *no inquiries about elephant anatomy today?*

As soon as the message goes through, George switches off his phone and turns over. Whether or not Dream texts back, George is going to get some goddamn sleep.

His phone stays silent for about half an hour before a small buzz rouses George and he blearily reaches out to check it.

**Dream:** *yea sorry*

**Dream:** *hope i didnt disappoint you*

George bolts up in bed, immediately wide awake.

As he reads and rereads Dream's words, he can't help but notice the dry tone. Maybe Dream is just tired? George prods a little, trying to incite Dream to fall into his usual playful teasing.

**George:** *disappointed? It was a relief honestly.*

**Dream:** *ok*

"Ok"? Just "ok"? Something is definitely wrong.

**George:** *uhm*

**George:** *are you okay?*

The three grey dots appear, then disappear.

George brings his fingers to his lips and picks at his cuticles as he types out another message.

**George:** *did i do something?*

Dream doesn't reply for a few heart wrenching minutes, but just before George's anxiety gets the best of him, his phone buzzes in his hand.

**Dream:** *no. dont worry. it's got nothing to do with you*

Some of the tension in George's shoulders releases as he sighs in relief. So Dream isn't mad at him. But he also didn't deny that something was wrong.

**George:** *do you want to talk about what's wrong*

**George:** *maybe*

**Dream:** *thanks but i dont think i can. im so fucking tired the words are all kind of swimming*

*around*

**Dream:** *not really able to text right now sorry*

**George:** *oh ok*

George picks at his lip until it bleeds and he tastes iron on his tongue. He reads Dream's text again and swallows.

**George:** *we could call*

**George:** *if you want*

Dream doesn't reply and George swears, dropping his phone onto the bed to pull at his hair in frustration. Why does he always do this? He just *has* to step over people's boundaries and make them uncomfortable. He should learn to just shut the hell up and know his fucking place.

George's phone buzzes.

**Dream:** *id like that*

George sucks in a sharp breath. *Oh.*

**George:** *discord?*

They had added each other on discord a while ago after Dream had suggested it, but hadn't really used it to communicate all that much. Instead just naturally sticking to the familiar Twitter DMs. But now, George exits out of the twitter app on his phone and opens discord, quickly finding Dream's familiar profile. His heartbeat thrums as his finger hovers over the call button.

Dream beats him to it.

His phone chimes loudly and George's heart jolts. With shaking hands and a swirling stomach, he accepts the call. There's silence for a moment, and then, Dream speaks so quietly George is barely

able to hear it over the loud thumping of his heart.

“George? ”

Dreams voice, here on his phone, saying his name so softly George can’t fucking breathe. For the millionth time, George is left wondering how on earth he was lucky enough to end up here.

“George?” Dream whispers. “ *I- uhm... are you there?*”

“Oh shit, yeah! Yeah I’m-” George exhales, trying to get rid of the shake in his voice. “I’m here. Uhm, hi.”

Dream laughs, but it’s raspy and broken, so unlike the laughter George is used to hearing play out of his laptop. He immediately knows why.

“You’ve been crying.”

Dream is quiet, the call going deathly silent. George wants to slam his head into a wall because of his lack of tact.

“*Is it that obvious?*” Dream says finally, amusement in his tone. Though his voice is still shaky and thick.

“No I just uhm...sorry.” George says, face hot. “I just know your voice really well.”

“*Mhm.* ” Dream hums. “ *That’s cute.* ”

George chokes quietly as his brain short circuits. *Did Dream just call him cute?*

But George quickly recovers, blurting out a question desperate to change the subject.

“Why were you crying?”

For a moment silence stretches between them and George panics, thinking of how to apologise for overstepping his boundaries and making Dream uncomfortable. Getting ready to tell Dream he can hang up right now and never talk to George again if he wants, that he totally understands if Dream wants to end this weird youtuber stan friendship they have started right here and right now. But before he can get the chance, Dream speaks.

“*I uhm...*” The audio crackles as Dream lets out a loud sigh. “*It’s honestly nothing. Don’t worry about it.*”

George pauses. “You do realise that someone responding with ‘nothing’ has never in the history of the universe actually meant *nothing*, right?”

Dream laughs, though it’s more of a quick exhale out of his nose. “*That’s probably true, actually.*”

“Okay, then tell me what’s actually wrong.”

“*It’s not even that bad,*” Dream murmurs, “*you’re gonna think I’m stupid.*”

“Dream you could literally not know the sum of one plus one and I would still post thirst tweets about you on Twitter. You have nothing to worry about.”

Dream laughs again, and though it’s not the full, broken wheezes and gasps George loves so much, it’s lighter than before. George smiles softly. “C’mon Dream. Just tell me.”

Dream sighs, and George hears a small rustle. Probably Dream running his fingers through his hair as he thinks of what to say. Though George has never seen Dream’s face and has no idea what he looks like, he can somehow picture the image perfectly.

“*This morning I was editing a video - just one for my second channel, it’s not even all that important. But when I was almost finished, my editing software crashed and I lost everything. Literally all my fucking progress.*”

“Shit.” George winces emphatically. “That sucks”

*“Yeah, and that wasn’t even that terrible. I mean, yeah, it sucks, but it should be fine. I’ll just restart up the program and edit it again. So I do, but then when I’m about halfway the program fucking crashes again.”* Dream says, his voice heated and sharp. George can tell he’s reliving the frustration.

*“I’m pissed and tired and really not in the mood to edit something I’d already fucking edited twice, so I checked Twitter as a distraction. Thought it make me feel better or something.”* Dream scoffs. *“But all I see is everyone saying how much they miss me, asking where I’ve been, asking why I haven’t streamed, joking that I’ve died because there’s been no content for a week and I’m-”* Dream’s voice breaks and George’s stomach drops.

“I’m just so fucking exhausted, George.”

George inhales, trying to think of what to say to make Dream feel better. To make that awful shake in Dream’s voice go away so he can hear the audible smile and laugh he’s so used to.

“I’m-” George voice shakes. “I’m not very good at this. At comforting and like... fuck I’m sorry-”

“George-”

“I’m here, though,” George interrupts, “I’m always here for you.”

“I know that sounds fucking stupid I just- you’ve always been there for me you know? Even if not personally. Your videos, your streams, even your stupid tweets about pissing the bed, they’ve always been that little piece keeping me going. You have no idea how just hearing your voice makes me and so many others happy, Dream. And I... I want to do that for you too, if you’ll let me.”

Dream is deathly quiet, and George’s stomach twists with anxiety.

“I’m sorry that was totally not my place I-“ He stammers. “I’m just some random fucking guy on the internet. You have actual friends.”

*“You’re not some random guy on the internet.”*

George blinks. “What?”

Dream sighs. *“Is it... is it weird that I’ve only known you for a month but somehow you’re already so fucking important to me?”*

“I-“ George stammers, utterly speechless. What is he even meant to say to that? “I don’t know.”

Dream chuckles, the light exhales of air making George’s heart squeeze. *“I’ve been feeling shit all day ‘cause of the video and everything, but then somehow talking to you and everything just seems that little bit better. Crazy right?”*

George thinks about all the times he’s felt exhausted. Stressed because of work, or simply feeling down. And how something simple as hearing Dream’s voice and laughter play from a Minecraft video could help him feel so much better.

“It’s not crazy.” George murmurs.

Dream hums. *“I like your voice by the way I never said,”* He says, *“and your accent. It’s cute.”*

George flushes and is eternally thankful Dream can’t see his face. But he must have made some sort of embarrassed noise, because Dream’s laughter rings through the line.

*“You totally blushed just then didn’t you?”* He wheezes, *“I bet you are so red right now.”*

“Shut up.” George says, his face heating up. “I’m not blushing.”

*“Mhm, sure.”*

“I literally hate you so much.”

“Keep telling yourself that sweetheart.”

George scoffs, rolling his eyes and trying to not think about how Dream calling him *sweetheart* has electricity sparking across his skin.

“I’m glad you’re apparently feeling better.” He grumbles.

Dream’s laughter quiets. “*Yeah.*” He says, and his voice is doing that thing where George can actually *hear* the smile stretching across his face. “*Thank you, George.*”

George’s stomach flutters and he clears his throat. Why is it that Dream can say anything and George is a stuttering mess? “Any- uh like- like I said, anytime.”

“*You mean that?*” asks Dream, “*We can call again?*”

“Yeah, I mean...” George swallows. “If you wanted to.”

“*I want to.*”

Warmth blooms in George’s stomach and spreads throughout his body, settling in the very tips of his fingers that are pressed against the cold glass of his phone. “I would too.”

Silence stretches between them, but it’s comfortable. The knowledge that one another is still there in the call is somehow enough. They don’t need to speak to feel the comfort of each other’s presence.

But after a while, Dream talks quietly.

“*I think I’m going to go to bed.*” He says, voice heavy and slurred. “*I’m already halfway there and I don’t want to fall asleep on you.*”

George hums. “Okay.”

“*Thank you being here today George.*” Dream says, “*I... appreciate it.*”

“Of course. Seriously, Dream. Anytime.” George says, and he means it more than anything he’s ever said before.

“*Thanks George.*” Dream whispers. “*Goodnight.*”

“Goodnight Dream.”

The call ends.

George feels... confused.

On one hand, he feels fucking amazing. He got to talk, with Dream, on *call*. He got to hear Dream’s voice, not on stream for thousands or a Youtube video that was bound to be watched by millions. But only for him. It makes George so happy and overwhelmed with emotion he can’t even begin to describe. Placing a hand on his chest he inhales deeply. *Breathe you idiot.*

But then there’s this weird *floating* feeling. Why was it that Dream liking George’s voice and thinking his accent was cute made George blush so violently? That Dream calling him sweetheart made his head swim?

George thinks he already knows the answer.

But George is also extremely fucking stubborn.

Without giving his brain a chance to form another coherent thought, George puts his phone facedown on his bedside table and stomps his way over to his computer setup. Booting up Minecraft he settles into his chair and stares intensely at the loading screen.

He will not think about Dream.

*Singleplayer.*

He will not think about Dream.

*New world.*

Dream? Who's that? Never heard of him.

George loads into his new world and immediately starts punching a nearby tree. Logs, planks, crafting table, axe.

*Dream. Dream. Dream. Dream. Dream.*

Dream's stupid texts. Dream's laugh. Dream's audible smile. The way he says George's name, his voice curling gloriously around the single syllable.

Fuck.

George might be just a little bit in love with Dream.

Chapter End Notes

hope u enjoyed ! :)

## hoodie

### Chapter Summary

dream is happy, george is stupid, but in the best way possible.

### Chapter Notes

hi :D sorry for slow/inconsistent updates, i am genuinely busy but my creativity is also an ass and i really struggle to make myself write when i don't feel like it lol. i'm working on it i swear, but for now you'll have to deal with my shitty chapters all speedrun in one go.

as always, beware the typos for they will certainly be there. i am terrible. but hope u enjoy anyways :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream mindlessly hums a tune as he taps away at his keyboard, long lines of code filling the screen of his PC. He has been working on this plugin for over a week, and is so close to finishing he can literally almost taste it. If he keeps grinding he *might* complete it tonight. Then he can record and edit tomorrow, and maybe finally have a new main channel video out. The thought brings a content smile to his face and his humming picks up even louder. This plugin is a favourite of the ones he's coded so far for his channel, and he's excited to see how the recording turns out. Not to mention he'll finally be done typing up this damn code.

*“Are you seriously humming the fucking speedrun dudududu right now?”*

Dream jolts in his chair, accidentally smashing out a jumble of unintelligible letters into his coding program.

*“George .”* He gasps. *“You scared me. I forgot you were on call.”*

Yeah, because that's a thing now.

Dream counts himself extremely lucky that his pathetic, snivelling self from their first ever call didn't scare George away. Because honestly, if it was Dream in George's position listening to himself whine and cry, Dream probably would have blocked himself and moved on pretty quick.

But for some reason, George's tolerance for Dream persevered, and their second call had occurred only a few days after the first.

George had been the one to initiate without any forewarning or plans, and Dream had been confused, yet excited when George's username had appeared. Though when Dream had happily picked up, George had barely even greeted him before immediately launching into a rant about how his stupid code for a stupid client wasn't working properly, and he was one step away from smashing his computer and committing a homicide.

Dream had been taken aback at first, but as George continued to whine in that stupid British accent of his, a soft smile had found its way onto his face. With stifled laughter and soft words, Dream had offered to look at George's code and see if he could find any problems with it.

After only a few minutes, Dream had found the issue and explained to George how to fix it. Not without endless pestering, of course.

*(“Look all I’m saying is it’s ironic that you’re the one with a computer science degree and work professionally as a developer, but a Minecraft youtuber who didn’t even go to college is the one to fix your problem.” Dream had teased, a wide smile stretching across his face as he listened to George grumble over the line.*

*“I’ve been working on this for hours okay? I’m tired!” George protested. “How am I supposed to see the issue if my eyeballs are literally melting.”*

*“It was only in the second line George.”*

*“Ok goodbye. I don’t need this sort of negativity in my life. I hate you and hope I never have to speak to you again.” George had said before abruptly ending the call.*

*When Dream called the next day, George picked up on the second ring. They played Minecraft together for hours, and Dream had smiled so much that when he finally ended the call his face was aching.)*

*“You forgot? Good to know I’m so forgettable.” Present day George says over their current discord call. “Appreciate you too, asshole.”*

Dream rolls his eyes and tabs out into discord to make a face at George's multicoloured profile. "Oh come on. Not my fault you hadn't spoken in ages."

*"Maybe that's just because Twitter is more interesting than you."*

"Mhm." Dream says, raising an eyebrow at discord. "And what is it exactly that you are looking on Twitter?"

George pauses. "*None of your fucking business.*"

"But George I'm oh so curious." Dream smirks, a wry smile worming its way onto his face. "Whatever could you be looking at on your Twitter stan account dedicated to Minecraft youtuber and streamer dreamwastaken?"

*"Your ego is almost as big as your ass. Honestly Dream, not everything is about you."*

Dream wheezes lightly. "Am I wrong though?"

"*Yes.*"

"Then what were you looking at?"

George is silent for a moment, and then like a child admitting he stole the last cookie from the cookie jar he whispers:

"*Fanart.*"

Dream wheezes loudly at George's whining, a hand coming down to slam his desk as he laughs. George's words come through his headphones slightly distorted as his computer shudders.

*"Not my fault your stans are so talented. Why the hell do they have to draw you so hot?"*

Dream smirks. “Cause I am hot. Obviously.”

“Yeah yeah whatever you say pissbaby.”

It’s supposed to be an insult, but Dream only smiles wider.

He’s been doing that a lot lately. Smiling. Not that he didn’t smile a lot before. Being surrounded with good friends, an amazing fanbase and having a ridiculously successful career, he has lots of reason to smile.

But now he was smiling *all the time*. He’d first noticed it the other week when he’d been heating up leftover pizza for breakfast and for some reason felt indescribably happy. Though he really loves pizza, he was pretty sure week old pepperoni didn’t really warrant a smile so wide it caused his face to ache. There was humming too, whatever happy love song tune that came to mind. Even little dance moves to match, sometimes. He was smiling so much he was starting to get permanent smile lines. At *twenty one*.

Even Drista had commented when her and their mother came to visit. Dream doesn’t remember exactly, something snide like “*Finally got laid?*” which Dream scowled at her for. His sex life -or lack thereof- wasn’t any of his fourteen year old sister’s business. It also had nothing to do with how much he’d been smiling lately, but he was not planning on admitting that. Telling Drista the real reason would be even worse.

The reason being, of course, George.

His mother has always told him he’s quick to love, and whether or not it should be considered a healthy trait, Dream can’t help but agree. George has been his friend for just under two months, and yet Dream can say with confidence that George is probably one of the most important people in his life right now. Dream loves all his friends -Karl, Quackity, Bad- but he doesn’t think anybody he’s ever met has made him feel the way George does. From the very first time they interacted on twitter to the point they are now calling almost everyday for hours, being friends with George has been electrifying.

George is more funny than he gives him credit for, Dream has realised from the hours they’ve spent on call and the countless hours more they’ve spent texting. The Brit is all snide comments and sarcastic laughs, and can be ridiculously flamboyant when he wants to be - if his 2.3k tweets are anything to go by. But though George has an impressive arsenal of insults, he’s also undeniably

kind.

After learning George was a developer, Dream had approached him a lot asking for help with his own code. Mostly since none of his other friends were really that deep into coding, and also a little bit just as an excuse to talk about something they both had in common.

George would moan and complain, acting like Dream's very existence was the world's biggest inconvenience, but he would always end up helping. Helping so much in fact, that Dream wondered how he had ever done this without George's voice a constant presence over call.

At first George had been a fun venture, a stan he could excite for an hour or so and then move on with his life, but Dream was easily sucked in and couldn't have predicted George would evolve into what he is now. His best friend, and the missing puzzle piece Dream hadn't even known he'd been looking for.

A noise of surprise plays through his headphones and Dream zones back into the present, the ghost of a smile on his lips.

“George?” He questions. “What is it?”

“*Karl got merch.*” George says, and a few seconds pass before Dream’s discord pings. Switching tabs, Dream looks over the image George had sent him: photos of the multicoloured hoodies Karl had posted on to Twitter.

“Oh yeah he showed me them a while back when they were still in the design process. They look cool don’t they?”

“*Yeah they’re awesome, I think I might get one.*”

“Wow really?” Dream fake pouts. “You’re going to buy *Karl Jacobs* merch before you buy mine? You wound me, George.”

“*Shut up you baby.*” George scoffs, and Dream can vividly imagine the eyeroll. “*I already have your merch.*”

Dream smiles, leaning forward to rest his chin in his hand. “Really? What stuff?”

“*One of the smile hoodies. A black one.*” George says. “*Though I hate to make your huge ego any bigger, I have to admit it’s really comfy.*”

And this is where things with George get confusing.

Dream understands that him and George click. That’s why it’s so easy to talk to him for hours without feeling bored, that the rare silences that happen during their calls are comfortable ones, nothing but feeling calm in each other’s presence. Even the constant memes and satirical flirting during their text conversations is normal friends stuff.

But George is constantly on his mind. *Constantly*.

George is his last thought before he goes to bed, his first thought when he wakes up. Everything he sees somehow reminds him of George - the blue flower he saw when he went for a walk, a mistake in the code for a new plugin, Patches getting her head stuck in a shoe for the fifth time that week. He doesn’t know how those things relate to George at all, but his brain always finds a way.

He also finds himself wondering at random times of day what George might be doing at that very same moment. Was he sleeping? Working? Eating breakfast while scrolling through twitter? Showering? (He had to stop himself at that last one, in danger of conjuring a mental image that would *definitely* be pushing the boundaries allowed by platonic friendship.)

And now with the knowledge that George owns his merch, Dream is assaulted with yet another vivid image. George in his hoodie - warm, cozy, and comfortable. Dream remembers the only picture he has of George. The one of him holding his cat with his face cropped out that he guilty sneaks glances at whenever he gets the chance. He thinks of slender hands and collarbones, and how beautiful the dark material of his merch would contrast with George’s pale skin.

The words slip past his lips before he has time to stop himself.

“Show me.” Dream says, “Send me a picture of you in it.”

George goes silent. “*Uhm, what?*”

Dream's own words finally register in his brain and his stomach drops, stammering as he tries to backpedal.

“Wait shit I- I’m sorry George I didn’t mean- obviously you don’t have to I just-“

“*No it’s-*”

“I didn’t mean to make it sound like I was forcing you to send a photo of yourself to me because that would be way out of my right to ask something like that of you especially since I haven’t done a face reveal yet so that would be like *majorly* hypocritical of me -“

“*Dream.*” George says, sharp and commanding, and Dream’s mouth snaps shut.

“*It’s okay Dream.*” George says, softly. “*I know that’s not what you meant.*”

Dream sighs in relief and some of the tension seeps from his shoulders. Though he wants to see George in his hoodie more than anything, he wouldn’t want to risk George being uncomfortable or upset with him. If he lost George, Dream doesn’t know what he’d do.

“*Uhm but...you know I-*” George speaks hesitantly. “*I wouldn’t mind .*”

Dream blanks. “You wouldn’t mind what?”

“*A picture,*” George says, “*a picture of me in it.*”

Dream head almost fucking explodes.

“Oh that’s- that’s cool. But uhm... are you sure you you’d be okay with that? That doesn’t make you uncomfortable?”

“*No,*” George hums. “*not if it’s for you .*”

Dream almost chokes.

“*Dream?*” George speaks up.

*Not if it’s for you?* What the *fuck* George. Does he even realise what he sounds like? Does he understand the astronomical effect his words have on Dream’s poor little touch starved heart?

“O-okay.” Dream manages to get out, though he sounds a little strangled. “Yeah.”

“*Okay hang on.*” George says, and Dream can hear the squeak as he gets up out of chair before he’s left in silence, hearing nothing but his own rapid heartbeat.

It only takes a few minutes before George returns. “*One second.*”

Dream’s discord pings.

The photo is taken in the same bedroom as the cat photo, though this time with better lighting. George is indeed wearing a black Dream hoodie, one that Dream can’t help but notice is a few sizes too big for his slender frame. The hood bunches up around his waist and his wrists, pale fingers peeking out beneath the dark material of the sleeves.

And then Dream’s eyes trail up, and his mouth falls open.

The top half of the photo isn’t cropped.

George’s face is pale, matching the milky white of every other patch of skin that Dream’s eyes rake over breathlessly. George’s neck, collarbones, the outline of his clean shaven jaw free from blemishes. His dark hair is short, slightly messy from his apparent hurried change, with a headphone dent and a small strand of stray hair hanging down over his forehead. His brown eyes stare straight into the camera, his mouth is curved up into a hesitant smile.

“George.” Dream chokes out. “When I said “show me”, I just meant the *hoodie.*”

“Oh,” George says, “*shit sorry I thought- Fuck.*”

“ You-“ Dream’s head swims with flashes of George’s milky skin, dark eyes and pink mouth curved into a smile. “You’re really fucking pretty.”

The line is silent for a moment.

“*What?*”

All the blood in Dream’s body rushes to his cheeks as he turns violently red, sirens blaring inside his skull as he tries to cover his ass.

“I mean you’re good looking! Really good looking. Yeah you have nice uhm,” Dream swallows, “eyebrows.”

George immediately stifles an incredulous laugh and Dream relaxes a little, though his cheeks are still burning, his eyes glued to the photo. George’s eyes. George’s skin. George’s *mouth*.

“*I have nice eyebrows? What the hell is wrong with you.*”

“You do! They are very nice and...thick?”

“*Dream,*” George groans, “*please shut up you’re just embarrassing the both of us.*”

Dream forces a light-hearted chuckle at George’s exasperation. “Okay but seriously, you are...uhm..” He stumbles, trying to find the right words without revealing how absolutely devastated he actually is. “I appreciate you trusting me enough to show me your face.”

George hums over the line. “*Of course I trust you.*”

And suddenly the warm giddy feeling is gone, guilt settling heavy in Dream’s stomach.

Dream has been acting all high and mighty, gushing about how close he's gotten with George and all his puzzle piece bullshit. George trusts him to the point he can send a photo of his face. So why can't Dream?

“I’m sorry, George.” Dream says quietly.

“*Hm? What for?*” George says. “*You haven’t already turned my photo into some weird George shrine, have you?*”

Despite himself, Dream snorts. Trust George to make Dream laugh even when he’s moping.

“No I-” Dream starts. “Sorry that I haven’t...”

“*Sent a photo of yourself?*”

Dream almost rolls his eyes. Of course George can read his mind.

“Mhm.”

“*Well then you’re even more stupid than I thought.*”

Dream snorts. “Excuse me?”

“*Come on Dream, do you really think I care about seeing your face? The whole reason I liked you in the first place is ‘cause of your personality dumbass.*”

“You like me?” Dream smirks. “Knew it.”

“*Nevermind you’re insufferable.*”

Dream laughs, and his chest feels just that bit lighter. Though he still feels slightly guilty, George truly doesn't seem to care, and Dream isn't going to create an issue where there isn't one.

They stay on call for a while after that while Dream finishes off the code for his plugin. He sends it to George when he's done after he offered to check it over for any mistakes or to fix anything that could cause problems. George tweaks it a little and sends it back, and after reading through it once more, Dream is satisfied.

“Wanna hop on a server and test it?” Dream asks.

“*Are you sure?*” George says jokingly, “*That's totally spoilers for your next video. What will the stans think of my special treatment?*”

“Oh come on.” Dream rolls his eyes, already booting up Minecraft. “They won't know if you don't tell them.”

“*Good point.*”

Dream gives George the IP for the tester server, and waits for George to log on. Eventually the yellow lettered “GeorgeNotFound joined.” pops up in the chat, and George's Minecraft character appears before him.

“I'm still not over how stupid your Minecraft skin is.”

Dream is kind of exaggerating, since George's skin is mostly normal. Except for the large white rimmed goggles covering his eyes. The artists in Dream's fan community had taken George's skin and run with it though. After the time they interacted on Twitter almost two months ago, many drawings were made of George's skin as a cute brunette boy with a blue shirt and chunky glasses settled in his hair. Dream thought they were being far too generous, but hearing George gush every time he saw a new drawing of his Minecraft skin made Dream remain silent. George's skin is kind of cute. Maybe.

“*Like you're one to talk, you green Teletubbie looking headass.*”

Dream laughs. “Ok wow didn't have to come for my brand like that.”

*“I said what I said.”*

Dream punches George’s character with his fist and George gives a shout, turning to flee into the forest. Dream follows and it turns into an outright manhunt, with George screaming terror and Dream laughing so hard he might cry. After George threatens to log off and leave, Dream finally stops. After assuring George he’s safe (for now), Dream runs the plugin. He’d coded it so wherever you look turned into a random block - anything from a lectern to a full diamond block.

“Think it’s all good George,” Dream says, after looking around and seeing grass blocks morph into an array of different Minecraft blocks. “Thanks for your help.”

“*What would you do without me, honestly.*”

“Probably be a lot happier.”

“*Yeah yeah whatever you say.*”

Dream grins. “Wanna try beat the game?”

George agrees.

They make a surprisingly good team. Though there was some ups and downs - mainly George screaming at Dream because he made his diamond blocks disappear three times in a row - they managed to beat the ender dragon in just over two hours.

“*The plugin’s great, Dream. I’m sure everyone will love it when the video comes out.*” George says as the last beams of light spewing from the dragon’s chest fade.

Dream victory smile fades a little at George’s words. Messing around with him in Minecraft, he’d totally forgotten what the plugin was meant to be used for. A video. Beating the game all by himself.

“Yeah.” Dream says, clearing his throat. “Thanks again for fixing up the mistakes in the code.”

“*You’re wel-*” George starts to say, before he unintentionally cuts himself off with a loud yawn. Dream laughs.

“You should probably get some sleep George, it’s late in the UK isn’t it?”

“*Not really. My sleep schedule is just all messed up because of you.*”

Dream flushes at the insinuation, but doesn’t comment.

“Well I’m gonna log off and get some rest anyway, so you should too.”

“*Yeah okay,*” George yawns again, then murmurs a tired, “*goodnight Dream.*”

“Goodnight, George.” Dream says, before ending their discord call.

For a moment he just sits in silence in his chair, staring blankly at his sound-proofed walls. Almost on instinct his hand drifts to his mouse and directs back to the chat between him and George.

Back to the photo.

Pale skin, brown eyes, and the pinkest lips he has ever seen curved up in shy smile. Again Dream’s stomach swoops and his face *burns*. He hadn’t been lying when he’d let slip that George was pretty. He’s absolutely gorgeous and Dream can’t believe someone that ethereal wants to talk to *him*. That someone as smart, as funny and as beautiful as George made a stan account dedicated to his stupid self.

The weird warm feeling in his chest rises as he continues to stare. He’s too scared to figure out what it means. Scared that he already knows.

George’s dark eyes burn into his from the photo and Dream swallows, turning away as he admits defeat.

Dream likes George.

What the fuck is he supposed to do now.

#### Chapter End Notes

hope u liked it !! also thought i'd mention sorry if i don't reply to many comments. but know that i appreciate them a lot and every one i receive makes me smile like an absolute idiot. even if i dont reply i will definitely read it so by all means go off.

stay hydrated ily all <3

## ache

### Chapter Summary

dream is a bad liar, quackity and karl are annoying, and the ache in george's chest is an overbearing constant.

### Chapter Notes

AHA GUESS WHO'S BACK A WEEK EARLIER THAN NORMAL. MY CREATIVITY GO BRRRRRR

i actually reached out to a friend and she said she's willing to be a beta reader for me so hopefully y'all won't have to deal with too many more weirdass typos!! but she's asleep right now and i'm desperate for serotonin so imma just post it now without her reading it lol sorry

anyways i was kinda more poetic in this chapter?? my writing style kinda did a whole turn around but i am Not Mad. hope y'all enjoy <333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Through calls that last long past midnight and the hours spent playing Minecraft, the ache is always there. Heavy and warm, right above his heart with roots creeping their way up into his throat and into his lungs.

Whenever Dream says his name, his accent curling around the syllables in a way George is so unused to, it flares. *George*. Dream says, his smile painfully audible as if saying George's name alone gives him a burst of happiness. *George*.

Dream's laughter is when it is at it's worst. The giggles and long drawn out wheezes that make George's chest absolutely *throb*. It doesn't help that George has this innate *need* to make Dream laugh. Unfortunately for him, he happens to be quite good at it too. Dream laughs a lot when he's with him, and George finds himself enjoying the pain it brings him.

When Dream asks for a picture of George in his hoodie, he sends him one. When Dream calls him pretty George's cheeks flush and his stomach swoops with hope. But he can't do that to himself. He can't.

It was inevitable, he realises. With how much Dream already meant to him when they had no real

connection, when they actually became friends, how could he think he wouldn't catch feelings? But that only makes him feel guilty. He feels disgusting, like he's betraying Dream in some way. How *dare* he have these feelings? Coddle them close and let them take root in his heart? All Dream did was reach out and befriend him to be nice, and George repays him by harbouring this stupid crush.

But then again, every part of him rejects the idea that his feelings towards Dream are stupid. There's a reason Dream has gotten the success he has. He's incredible. Smart, talented, passionate, hardworking, funny and overwhelmingly kind. All that he encompasses and everything that Dream is is love. How could George do anything but fall?

But the guilt and pain is still there. Slowly but surely eating away at him, and George thinks that if he doesn't find a solution soon, it won't be long before he's completely and utterly devoured.

He has Karl's stream open on his second monitor, sneaking glances every now and then. Dream is on, and him, Karl and Quackity are just messing around on the SMP not really doing all that much. Others might think it's boring, but George doesn't mind. It's a chill sort of stream - perfect for playing in the background while he works on coding commissions. Well, it would be, if he didn't pause his rapid typing to focus on the sound of Dream's voice every time the American talked. It's pathetic really, but there's no one else there in his bedroom to judge him.

Eventually after getting nothing more than four lines typed up after almost an hour into the stream, George gives up on working at all. He sighs, rubbing his eyes and leaning back in his chair, breathing steadily as he lets the warm timbre of Dream's voice wash over him. It almost lulls him to sleep, with his eyes closed and the warm ache in his chest.

*"Can't believe it's taken this long for you to come on my stream again Dream, you're always busy whenever I message you."* Karl's voice breaks through the haze. George hums, only vaguely following the conversation.

*"Yeah dude."* Quackity breaks in. *"You always say that to me too whenever I try to call."*

*"Because I am busy."* Dream answers.

*"Doing what?"* Karl asks, *"Whenever I ask you always just reply saying you're already in a call with somebody else and it's,"* Karl pauses and leans into his mic to make his next words louder

and comedically muffled. “Someone important.”

At that, George’s eyes snap open, and the haze abruptly shatters. There’s no way. Surely Karl the person Karl is talking about couldn’t be who he thinks it is.

“*Oooooo.*” Quackity giggles obnoxiously, and where George’s eyes are now glued to Karl’s stream, his naked character bounces into frame. “*Dream’s got a girlfriend.*”

“*What? No.*” Dream says quickly, and George cringes. Dream sounds far too panicked, and he’s not the only one who picks up on it.

“*Why so nervous?*” Quackity leers. “*Got something to hide?*”

The thing is, Dream shouldn’t really. George is after all, *not* his girlfriend. Considering heteronormativity, Dream having a male friend he talks to a lot shouldn’t really be all that suspicious.

But what is Dream supposed to do if they ask him to explain the finer details of said friendship?

*Ah yes, meet my friend George who I flirted with on his stan account that he has dedicated to me and then dmmed and accidentally talked to for hours which morphed into to texting everyday and then calling everyday and now we spend an average of five hours on call daily but often way more but anyways lol say hi George.*

“*No I don’t.*” Dream insists. “*I-*” And George leans forward in his chair, bringing his fingers to his lips to chew nervously on his nails. “*He’s just a friend who’s been helping me out with my coding and stuff.*”

George relaxes. It is a good answer. A lot fucking better than the truth anyway. Plausible and boring enough that there would be no point in pressing further. George is impressed, if not a bit disappointed. It’s likely that Dream is oversimplifying things to stop too many questions, but the “just a friend who helps with coding and stuff.” hurts his pride just a little.

But apparently, Dream’s friends are more stubborn and nosy than George gives them credit for.

“Coding and stuff? ” Karl laughs. “Is that some kind of euphemism for something?”

“What does that even mean?” Dream grumbles, sounding moderately pissed off. George can tell he is more nervous than angry though, hoping that his friends will drop it if they think he’s genuinely mad. “He’s literally just a friend, fuck off.”

“OOOOH LOOK HE’S GETTING DEFENSIVE HE’S GETTING DEFENSIVE.” Quackity yells obnoxiously. “What are you hiding Dream?”

“Nothing Quackity.”

“Prove it then.” Karl pipes up. “Call him right now.”

George’s blood runs cold. There’s no way.

Dream coughs. “He’s probably not awake right now, he lives in the UK.”

It’s a lie. Dream knows very well that George is awake. He had texted George before the stream asking if he was going to stay up to watch. George had said yes, and that he was normally awake this time anyway. (What he didn’t say was that he would’ve stayed up to watch it either way because he valued hearing Dream’s voice more than sleep, but Dream didn’t need to know that.)

“That’s such a lie!” Karl says, calling Dream’s bluff. “I was literally streaming at this time two days ago and invited you and you said you couldn’t come because you were in call.”

“How can you call me a liar just from that?” Dream says, voice rising in a panic. “It’s possible it wasn’t him!”

George winces. Dream you fucking idiot.

“It’s possible? So it was then.” Karl dissolves into giggles and slaps the arm of his chair hard. George doesn’t even dare opening chat to see how they are responding to this shit show, terrified at what he’ll see.

Dream seems to realise he's dug himself into a hole and mumbles a halfhearted, "Uhm, no."

*"It's okay Dream we don't mind if you've gotten yourself a new 'friend'. Just don't know why you're so intent on keeping him to yourself."*

*"I'm not."*

*"Oh yeah?" Quackity snickers. "Then do what Karl said. Call him right now."*

*"I-*" Dream stops himself, and the stream is suddenly abruptly quiet except for Karl's stream music playing in the background. *"I'll text him."*

A split second after Dream's words play through his headphones, George's phone pings.

**Dream:** *hey george*

**Dream:** *if you're watching the stream right now i sincerely apologise*

George sits up a little straighter.

**George:** *you're literally such an idiot*

**George:** *"it's possible it wasn't him"??*

**Dream:** *I WAS PANICKING OKAY*

George runs a tired hand down his face and groans. Trust him to fall for this dumbass out of all people.

**George:** *do you think they'll give up if u say i'm sleeping?*

**Dream:** *probably not. they are the most stubborn people on the face of this planet.*

**George:** *have you ever looked in a mirror*

**Dream:** *NOW IS NOT THE TIME*

**George:** *ok ok sorry lmao*

George's thumbs hover over the keys as he leans back in his chair, debating whether the next text he is going to send will be the best or worst decision he's ever made.

**George:** *call me.*

**Dream:** *george WHAT*

**George:** *are you illiterate. i said call me.*

**Dream:** *george, karl literally has over 100k viewers right now*

**George:** *ik i'm just saying that now karl and quackity have brought it up, nobody's gonna shut up about it. especially if you keep being defensive and embarrassed.*

**Dream:** *i'm not!!*

**George:** ...

**Dream:** *ok fine maybe im not the best liar*

George bites down hard on an already ragged nail and the tang of iron fills his mouth.

**George:** *look. you only have to call me for like five minutes and prove that i'm not ur secret girlfriend or something. i'll drone on about coding till they get bored it'll be fine.*

**Dream:** ... *ok*

**Dream:** *hang on.*

George frowns in confusion before his phone screen lights up with Dream's contact name. He tenses immediately. He didn't think Dream would jump right into it. George thought he'd at least give him some time to prepare, meditate or some shit like whatever the hell streamers do before they go live.

Nevertheless after freaking out for a total of ten seconds, George presses the pad of his finger to the green answer button and brings the phone up to his ear.

*“Hey, George.”*

They don't call using their actual numbers often -usually sticking to discord- and with the bad audio quality Dream's voice sounds a little different. In the background, George can hear the faint yelling of Karl and Quackity still messing around on stream and another spike of nervousness jolts through his chest.

“Hey.” George breathes out.

*“I'm muted, don't worry.”* Dream says softly, and immediately George's tension wrought body relaxes. *“I just wanted to make sure you're 100% okay with this. Karl and Quackity can be... a lot.”*

“Yeah I'm okay.” George says, cracking a small smile. “Just saying you know this wouldn't have happened if your clingy ass didn't call me as much.”

Dream goes silent and George can just tell that he's frowning right now. It makes him smile a little wider.

“Shut up.” Dream grumbles. “I can call whoever I want. Karl and Quackity are the clingy ones.”

“Mhm, sure. Keep telling yourself that.”

“Whatever.”

George laughs, but it’s a little strained. He wishes they could stay like this forever. Just Dream and George and George and Dream. George alone in the dark with Dream’s voice in his ear and a familiar heavy ache in his chest. But he knows they can’t. Karl, Quackity, and a hundred thousand people are impatiently waiting for Dream to unmute.

‘George?’ Dream says. “Don’t be nervous, I’m here.”

Heat rises to George’s cheeks and the ache throbs. *I’m here.*

“Just unmute already, idiot.”

Dream laughs softly, and then quietly unmutes.

“Okay Karl and Quackity are you happy?” Dream announces. “George is on the phone right now ready to talk to your sorry asses.”

“HELLOOOOO DREAM’S FRIENDDDD GEORGE.” George hears Quackity yell over the phone.  
“OR GIRLFRIEND?”

George snorts. “Dream wishes.”

Karl and Quackity laugh in surprise while Dream makes offended noises of protest. George’s chest feels a little lighter. Seems like he’s made a good impression.

“Dream is this true?” Quackity presses. “You want George to be your girlfriend?”

“No.” Dream says, sounding exasperated. “*He’s just a friend who helps me... code.*”

“*Oh he helps you code, does he?*” Karl giggles. “*I’m sure you guys code together a lot. Alone. Late into the night.*”

Karl’s words actually have more merit than he realises, but Dream still makes a loud sound of protest.

“*Karl what the fuck are you saying?*”

“*Nothing, nothing!*” Karl says, but when George glances at the now muted stream on his monitor, he looks a little too sly for George’s comfort. “*So how did you meet Dream then, George?*”

George immediately panics. What is he supposed to say? The truth? *Oh haha I met him on my stan account dedicated to him lololol.* For a moment he’s silent as his brain shuts down, causing him to spit out the first lie he can think of.

“Grindr.”

Karl and Quackity absolutely explode, and Dream just screams out a strangled “*George what the fuck.*”

On stream, Karl has launched himself backwards out of his chair, and where his face is visible smushed into his carpet it’s beet red. Judging by the hacking and wheezing coming from Quackity’s mic, he isn’t faring much better.

“*George we did not meet on Grindr.*” Dream yells, but his denial only makes Karl and Quackity laugh harder. George sneaks a glance at the chat to see a lot of “WTF” and “LMFAOOOO”, and soon his own hysterical laughter is bubbling up from his chest.

“There’s no need to be ashamed, Dream.” George grins, sly. “We’ve had so much fun together *coding.*”

“*George please,*” Dream begs. “*They’re going to actually think you’re serious.*”

George hums. “Okay, for Dream’s sake I’ll clarify that was a joke.”

“*Thank you.*” Dream sighs in relief.

“We actually met on Tinder.”

“*Stop George.*” Dream says exasperatedly. “*Please stop.*”

“Mhm.” George hums, voice low. “I like it when you beg.”

“*Okay, that’s it.*”

Suddenly Dream’s voice and Karl and Quackity’s hysterical laughter disappear, replaced by loud beeping. Dream hung up on him.

George isn’t even mad, still struggling to breathe because of how hard he’s laughing. He’s used to teasing Dream, but somehow doing it in front of an audience is even more electrifying. George could get used to this.

His phone pings.

**Dream:** *GEORGE WHAT THE FUCK*

**George:** *lol*

**Dream:** *DON’T LOL ME NOW EVERYONE THINKS IM ON GRINDR*

**George:** *ok but admit it was funny*

**Dream:** *yeah ok it WAS pretty funny*

**Dream:** *but bc you were embarrassing me now karl and quackity like you too much*

George unmutes Karl's stream to hear Karl and Quackity begging Dream to call him again, and the chat seems just as desperate to have him back. George has to admit, it does stroke his ego just a bit.

**George:** *what can i say i'm just incredible.*

**Dream:** *you're ridiculous*

**George:** *but you love me*

**Dream:** *unfortunately*

George's confident smile fades a little. The ache throbs.

**Dream:** *you wanna come back to the stream?*

**George:** *are you willing to let me?*

**Dream:** *depends if you'll behave.*

**George:** *yes daddy.*

On stream, George hears Dream choke.

**Dream:** *this is a terrible idea.*

The call comes anyway, and George answers with a smile.

“Hello again. Did you miss me?”

“*George!*” Karl and Quackity scream in unison. Karl laughs. “*I thought Dream would never let you back.*”

George grins. “I’m very persuasive.”

“*He’s on probation.*” Dream grumbles. “*And on very thin ice.*”

“Yeah don’t worry.” George says. “Dream will punish me really well *after* the stream.”

There’s a loud banging noise on Dream’s end, and George wouldn’t be surprised if it was Dream slamming his head into a wall. “*The ice.*” He says, weakly. “*Already fucking obliterated.*”

George fits in easily after that. He makes many more jokes that have Dream threatening to hang up again and Karl crying actual tears from how hard he’s laughing. No matter how much Dream bitches about Karl and Quackity being overbearing and clingy, they are nothing if not welcoming. They make George feel comfortable. Well, as comfortable as one can be with over hundred thousand people watching them.

It soon comes to an end though. Karl had already been streaming for around two hours before George was even brought up, and the stream had stretched on for over another hour after George joined. Even though the chat spams countless sad emotes, Karl begins his stream goodbyes.

“*Will we get to talk to you again anytime soon George?*” Karl says, right before he’s about to end. “*Or is Dream going to keep being possessive and keep you locked away?*”

Dream grumbles and George laughs, but his stomach twists itself into knots.

“I mean I’d uh, I’d like to, I guess?” He says, wincing out how unsure he sounds. “If Dream’s okay with it.”

*“Why do you need Dream’s permission? What is he, your dad?” Quackity snorts. “I mean I guess in one sense of the word...”*

*“Shut up Quackity.” Dream growls, “And George.” His tone immediately lightens, melding into something soft and -dare George allow himself to think- affectionate. “If you had fun you can come on stream whenever you like.”*

*“Dream sharing? Somebody should clip this holy shit.” Karl jokes, and him and Quackity snicker.*

Dream just sighs. *“Why do I even try.”*

Karl finally ends the stream, and afterwards Karl and Quackity bid Dream and George goodbye to go get some rest. Dream leaves the discord call, but he doesn’t hang up on George. They’re left alone in content silence.

*“I was serious you know.” Dream speaks up. “I’d love to stream with you some time... if you wanted.”*

“That would be...” George pauses. “Cool actually. Sorry for uhm... all the jokes and stuff though. I said I was gonna make Karl and Quackity stop with the teasing but I kinda got carried away and did the exact opposite.”

*“No they were actually funny.” Dream laughs airily. “You were pretty bold though. Talking about punishment and all that. Didn’t know you were into that kinda stuff.”*

“Oh shut up.” George rolls his eyes, ignoring the way his cheeks flame. “Seeing the chat’s reaction was the only reason I said half of that stuff don’t kid yourself.”

Suddenly Dream gasps, and then groans loudly. There’s a loud thump again, probably Dream’s head colliding with his desk this time.

*“Forget about chat what about fucking Twitter.”*

George’s eyes widen. “Shit.”

He puts Dream on speaker and switches to Twitter, quickly refreshing his timeline. Sure enough, it's in shambles.

*WHAT EVEN WAS THIS STREAM. LIKE /POS IM JUST,, WHAT*

*was this stream even real or are my sleeping meds giving me hallucinations*

*ok but dream's friend george is so fucking funny hello?? mans said he met dream on grindr in front of 100k people with No Fear*

*dream hid george from us cause mans knew the moment he was released his career would be over because we'd all drop him for george /j*

*i don't know who tf george was before today but i can now wholeheartedly say i love him and we need more george content dream pls let him out of ur basement*

George laughs, full bellied and happy, smile stretched wide at the surprising amount of positivity painting his timeline.

*"This is so unfair they literally love you more than me."* Dream jokingly whines and George smiles wider.

“Of course, as we previously established, I am awesome.”

“Wait George.” Dream suddenly cuts in. “*Your name is literally trending.*”

George blinks, navigating to his search page to see that Dream isn’t lying. There is *George* on the trending page, with over 10k tweets to its name.

“What the fuck. Your stans are crazy.”

Dream laughs. “*You say that like you aren’t one.*”

“Oh fuck off.”

Dream just laughs even harder.

George ignores him as he clicks on his name - *in trending*- to view more tweets. He scrolls for a bit laughing and shaking his head in happy disbelief, until he spots one that makes him freeze.

*ayo remember the acc dream flirted with a while ago? @/georgenotfound ?? does dream just have a thing for british guys named george or like... perhaps...*

George frantically clicks into the replies, and relaxes a little when he sees most of them dismissing the insinuation, or simply laughing and joking along with a prominent /j attached. But still the anxiety lingers. If one person made the connection, it’s likely many others have as well.

Dream quickly notices his silence.

“George? What’s wrong?”

George wordlessly sends him the tweet. It doesn’t take long for Dream to read it.

“*Oh.*”

“What do we do?” George says. “Do I tweet something saying it’s not me or-”

“*Or.*” Dream cuts in. “*You could own it.*”

George frowns. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“*I mean, you don’t have to lie. You can just say it is you.*”

“You-” George blinks. “You wouldn’t mind?”

“*Huh?*” Dream says, genuinely sounding confused. “*Of course not. I mean you’re probably going to get asked about it eventually if you keep appearing in streams and stuff.*”

George raises an eyebrow. “And stuff?”

“*Well I mean it was just an idea but I was thinking like-*” Dream stammers. “*I mean you’re totally not obliged to say yes obviously but uhm...*”

“Spit it out Dream.”

“*Would you maybe wanna do a video with me? For my channel I mean.*”

George can’t believe what he’s hearing. “You want me to be in a video on your channel?”

“*Yeah.*”

“Your Dream main channel.”

“*Yes.*”

“The channel with over twenty million subscribers.”

Dream huffs. “*I said you didn’t have to if you didn’t want to.*”

“No Dream I want to I just-” George hesitates. “Surprised you’d want me to.”

“*Of course I would.*” Dream says. “*There’s a reason why there’s currently 10k tweets talking about how much they like you George. You’re so fucking funny and likeable, not to mention ridiculously smart. With the amount you help me with my plugins you’re basically the backbone of my channel anyway.*”

George snorts. “You’re not wrong. What would you do without me?”

He’d been going for a joking tone, but when Dream responds he’s quiet, and sounds far too nervous for being directed at only George.

“*George I-*”

Dream’s voice seems to catch in his throat, like he was about to say something. About to absolutely spill his guts, but caught himself just in time.

George hesitates. “Dream?”

“*Nothing.*” Dream says awkwardly. “*I just really wanna do a video with you George. It’ll be fun.*”

George thinks on it for a moment, fiddling with the drawstring on his sweatpants.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“I’d love to, Dream.” George smiles. “Tell me whenever you want to record and I’ll be ready.”

“*Okay! Okay awesome.*” Dream laughs, and he sounds so genuinely happy. The ache in George’s chest rears its ugly head. “*Great. Awesome. Cool.*”

George smiles. Dream is an absolute dork.

*“Wait shit I totally forgot it’s late for you.”* Dream says suddenly. *“Sorry for keeping you up George. You should go and get some sleep.”*

George wants to tell him that he’s not tired. That he’d rather stay here, lay awake all night with Dream’s warm voice in his ear rambling pointlessly about random topics and cracking stupid jokes. He wants to tell Dream exactly how much his heart aches. How it hurts so wonderfully he thinks he might be willing to just lay back and let the pain swallow him whole.

But George doesn’t want to be a bother.

“Ok Dream.” He says. “Goodnight.”

George replies to Sapnap’s devastated texts that George got to talk to Karl Jacobs and didn’t once mention his name. He goes downstairs and makes himself a cup of tea. He cracks open a worn copy of his favourite Harry Potter book and begins to read in the warm light of his bedside table lamp.

All the while, the ache never fades.

**let me out please** @georgenotfound

i'm here to address the rumours. yes. i am dreams coding friend and he is keeping me locked up in his basement and forcing me to code his plugins. please help me.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

when i give you food and everything? needy much

**let me out please** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

broccoli pizza does not count u sadist

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

ok that's it. no walk outside for you today.

**let me out please** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

NO DADDY PLEASE IM SORRY DONT PUNISH ME

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

why must you always do this.

**let me out please** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

<3

## Chapter End Notes

HOPE YOU LIKED IT I WAS KINDA PROUD OF THIS ONE george being dumb  
and emo is fun to write lol

goodnight i am sick and will now sleep

## paypal

### Chapter Summary

twitter explodes, dream is going through a crisis, george is oblivious, and together they film a video.

### Chapter Notes

HELLO SORRY I'VE BEEN SO LONG i rewrote this chapter so many times cause i hated it but hopefully now it's decent?? either way i hope y'all can just suffer through this shitshow cause i have PLANS

btw this is betaed!! my planned beta has to sleep (bless her sleep deprived soul) but another friend on twt (we love nico in this household) offered and so hopefully there will be little to no typos in this chapter!!

also when i transferred the writing over to ao3 there was some weird formatting issues? i think i managed to fix up most of the weird paragraph cuts but if there is any left i sincerely apologise.

hope y'all enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everyone takes the news quite well. Which is to say — Twitter fucking explodes.

At first George gets nothing but a few bewildered replies. Most can't tell if it's a joke, but Dream's replies to him can't be taken as anything other than a confirmation. @georgenotfound the thirsty Dream stan account and the George that was on Karl's stream are the same person.

The tweet's likes pitch into the thousands, and George's already decent follower count absolutely skyrockets.

The new development does scare Dream a little bit. He knows what it's like to blow up, to suddenly be thrust before millions, analysed and picked apart and put on a dehumanising pedestal. Now because of him — that's where George is headed. Dream was sure there was going to be hate, death threats even, but from what he can see there has been nothing but overwhelming positivity.

*AYO GEORGE IS ONE OF US??*

*george finally achieving his dreams of getting railed by the green block man \*wipes tear\* i'm so proud. /j*

*i dont give a fuck that george is a stan does this mean we get more george content yes or no.*

It seems that everyone loves George. George is funny, charismatic, and because of his flirtatious teasing towards Dream, everyone is hungry for more of their dynamic. Dream wants to give them more. In fact, he has a semi-finished plugin waiting in his computer files. Once he's finished with it, all he'll need is a recording partner — and George is the perfect candidate.

But there's one thing making him hesitate.

The hoodie photo that George sent Dream? The one that made Dream's head swim and his insides burn? The one that made him realise that maybe what he feels for George is a little more than just platonic?

Yeah, those feelings have stuck around, which is a huge problem for three core reasons.

One: George is a *man*. Dream is used to falling for pretty girls with long blonde hair and dazzling smiles, not for skinny British men with headphone dents in their hair. Sure, George might be pretty (as the photo in Dream's camera roll and concerning amount of screen time would suggest), but that doesn't change the fact that he's a guy. Really, it's not as terrifying as it seems, it's just new territory Dream would be willing to explore if not for the second reason.

Two: George is Dream's best friend. Dream has other friends of course, has amazing friends that make him laugh and that would stick by his side through just about anything. But he's never had a friend quite like George.

George and Dream just *click*, in a way that goes beyond just their shared interests. Dream considers himself an introvert, and no matter how much he enjoys the company of Karl and Quackity, he always finds himself in need of time alone. But for some reason - being with George is as comfortable and natural as breathing. He can spend hours and hours on call with George, and his smile never fades, and his laughter never runs dry. When they finally *do* hang up, the only thing Dream can think about is how much he already misses him.

It's stupid and cringy and Dream would rather die than say it, but he genuinely has begun to believe

that George might just be his soulmate.

Which is why under no circumstances can Dream *ever* lose him. These new, dangerous friendship jeopardizing feelings have to be buried.

Three: Bad news, Dream is a terrible actor. And because of his impulsive decision to share George with his followers, now he has to pretend that he is definitely not in love with George in front of *millions*.

Yeah, Dream is fucked.

*“If I get one more DM asking if I’ve seen your face and whether you’re hot or not I will scream.”*

Dream laughs, his fingers pausing over his keyboard as he shakes his head in amusement. He’s almost finished coding the plugin for his newest video, and as always, George is there as company. Normally, it would be calming. But now instead of George’s presence soothing Dream, it makes him jittery and nervous. With every word he says he’s paranoid he’s lacing it with too much affection, laughing a little too hard, saying George’s name in a way that makes it all too obvious that Dream is head over heels.

“Sorry I guess.” He chuckles awkwardly. “Just tell them I’m butt ugly and maybe they’ll leave you alone.”

George huffs out a laugh. *“I don’t want to lie.”*

Despite his better interests, Dream grins. “Oh so you think I’m hot then?”

*“No idiot, I haven’t even seen your face so how could I know if you’re hot or not.”*

Dream just laughs, but George doesn’t respond.

Dream frowns. “George?”

He answered by his phone buzzing with a twitter notification.

**dream’s “friend”** @georgenotfound

y’all need to stop dm me asking if dream is hot. i dont KNOW. in all the pictures he sends me i can’t make out his face cause his enormous dumptruck is filling the frame ://

Dream chokes out a wheeze and George’s giggling soon joins him over the call.

“You’re such an idiot.” He says after taking a breath.

*“Yeah but you love me.”*

Dream’s stomach drops and he swallows. “Mhm.”

They scroll through the replies, laughing at everyone’s reactions. While he’s in the middle of reading out a funny quote tweet, George cuts himself off with a yawn.

Dream raises an eyebrow. “You alright there George?”

*“Yeah I’m fine.”* George says. *“You almost done with the plugin?”*

Dream sighs, running a tired hand through his hair. “Yeah I’m basically done, there’s just some stuff I need to tweak.”

*“I could have a look if you-”* George starts to stay, but again is cut short by another loud yawn. *“If you like.”*

Dream narrows his eyes. “George, what time is it in the UK right now?”

George goes quiet. “3am.”

“George.” Dream says exasperatedly. “I told you to stop staying up for me.”

*“I know, I know. But you were so close to finish the plugin, I thought we could record the video right after and-”*

“No.” Dream interrupts. “We are not recording until you get some sleep for fucks sake.”

George is silent and Dream is gearing himself to argue, but eventually he hears a loud sigh.

*“Ok fine. Kind of rude of you to actually care about my health and well-being though not gonna lie.”*

Dream shakes his head. “You’re such an idiot.”

“So you keep saying.” George murmurs. “But you never seem to mean it.”

Dream freezes, finger hovering over his mouse. “Get some sleep George. I’m hanging up.”

“Fi-”

Dream ends the call.

For a moment he just sits in his chair, clenching his fists and burning holes into the carpet floor as he tries to get his breathing under control. *It’s fine.* He tells himself. *He was just joking. He doesn’t know.* He tells himself that until his breathing slows, and he’s back in control. He still doesn’t believe it though.

Straightening out his fingers he soothes the crescent indents in his sweaty palms. *Just finish the plugin, film the video, then take some of your own advice and get some rest.*

After another hour and a half, Dream manages to cross the first one off the list. He's run it over and over debugged any errors, and the plugin is now polished and ready to go. As he leans back in his chair and stretches out his aching muscles, his eyes flick to the time.

Still much too early to call George.

Dream fills some time by recording his video intro, explaining the premise of the video, and doing his little "*only a small percentage of you watching are actually subscribed*" spiel. By the time he has that recorded, he's killed another hour. Still too early.

He has a shower, letting the scalding water wash away the grease from his hair and skin. With his hair still dripping down his back, he heats up some food, and after some deliberation, settles on his couch to watch a movie. After scrolling aimlessly through Netflix, he settles on some random shitty romcom. Not a genre he's usually interested in, but he's watching it more to kill time than actually enjoy it.

Throughout the whole movie, Dream sneaks glances at the time on his phone, making the mental time zone calculation in his head. By the time the end credits are finally playing, he's passed another two hours.

It's still too early, but Dream doesn't think he can stand waiting any longer.

After dumping his empty plate into the sink, he makes his way to his recording room and PC, pulling up George's discord profile. He hesitates for a moment, arrow hovering over the call button and finger twitching to press down on his mouse.

George answers after only a couple of rings.

*“Dream?”* George murmurs, *“I thought you told me to get some sleep.”*

Oh. Oh no.

George's morning voice is lower than usual. Heavy and layered with a hushed rasp, his accent thick and his words slurring together. George's normal voice is enough to have Dream weak in the knees but this? George saying his name when his voice sounds like *that*? Dream's head is swimming.

Dream wants to scream, cry, then tell George a thousand times over that he is very deeply in love with him. Instead he coughs.

“Couldn’t wait, sorry.” He jokes. (*It was only four hours but I missed you so much I could barely breathe.*) “I’ve been waiting to make this video forever.”

“*Fair enough.*” George sighs. “*Lemme get out of bed then.*”

*He’s in bed holy fucking-* “Sure.”

George quickly goes and grabs some food before sitting at his desk, and switching the call to his PC.

“*Ready when you are.*”

George already knows what they’re going to do, after all, he pretty much helped Dream plan the entire thing.

It’s basically tag. When Dream runs the plugin, they’ll both get transported to either side of an area closed off by a barrier. Whoever is the “hunter” has a compass that is constantly pointing at the player they need to tag. The hunter only needs to hit the other once for it to count as tagging, and for the fleeing player to win the round, they need to evade the hunter for two minutes.

As soon as they’re both logged onto the server. Dream starts recording.

“I’ll be the first Hunter, yeah?” Dream says, George makes a noise of confusion.

“*Wait that’s it? What about your video intro? Your* “Only a small percentage of you are actually subscribed-””

Dream flushes. “I already recorded that while you were sleeping. You do realise editing exists for a reason right?”

*"Ok fine. But do I really get no introduction?"* George whines. *"You're just going to present me as some nameless random to your millions of subscribers? I'm offended."*

Dream rolls his eyes and definitely is *not* struggling to hide a smile.

"Fine." He says. "Everyone. This is George. Say hello George."

*"Hello."* George says, and Dream can *hear* his smile. Damn him for being so cute.

*"I hope you're ready to be absolutely destroyed, Dream."*

Okay nevermind.

"I'll be the Hunter first." Dream says, "and we're starting now."

Without warning he runs the plugin, and him and George are both immediately transported.

"You have two minutes." Dream says, dropping his voice as he leans into his mic. "Better start running, George."

George just lets out a breathy laugh, and when Dream glances down at the compass in his hot bar, he sees the red needle move. Time to start the chase.

The first round is over in less than a minute. Dream spotted George trying to climb up the side of a mountain and quickly caught up, jumping up and tagging George with a single click.

"*WHAT?*" George screams. "*What the hell! I didn't even see you.*"

Dream laughs. "How's winning going for you?"

*“Shut up.” George grumbles. “Don’t be cocky. I’m going to catch you so quickly.”*

George actually follows up on his promise, and wins the next round by tagging Dream with thirty seconds to go.

*“Ha!” George shouts. “Take that green man.”*

Dream wheezes. “Green man? You’re such an idiot.”

*“An idiot who just DESTROYED you.”*

“It’s literally one to one!”

*“Not for long.”*

George was right, in a way. Dream wins the next round with ease, putting the score at 2 to 1. He wins the round after that too. 3 to 1.

*“This is rigged.”* George whines as he slowly sinks to the bottom of the ocean. He’d tried to escape by swimming away, but it hadn’t worked. Dream managed to get a dolphin and quickly caught up to tag George’s feet.

“How is it rigged?” Dream laughs. His face is already hurting from smiling, but he can’t help it.  
“You’re just bad.”

*“He’s lying guys it’s been scripted he’s forcing me to stick to it.”* George says. *“It’s all a lie.”*

“No it’s not, you just suck.”

***“AND YOU FUCKING SWALLOW.”***

“George.” Dream chokes, which quickly dissolves into laughter. “I’m not keeping that in.”

Though George may be a pain in the ass if Dream doesn’t want to get age restricted, he’s undeniably good at this. He’s really taken the whole making a video thing in his stride, turning up his humour and dramatics to ensure that no matter the outcome, the video is bound to be entertaining.

By some kind of miracle, George manages to pull off two wins in a row to put them at equal footing. Dream is quick to take the next round, though, and the scores are at 4 to 3. They’d agreed on first to five. All Dream needs to win is to take one more round.

“Winning is going to feel so good.” Dream sighs. “What do you think the first line of my victory speech should be?”

“How about ‘My name’s Dream and I’m a little pissbaby.’”

“Jealousy doesn’t look good on you George.”

*“But beating your ass to the ground when I win will.”* George quips. *“Just run the plugin already.”*

Dream survives the first minute with ease, and George’s mic is silent except for the noises of frustration he lets out every now and then. Dream laughs quietly as he breaks some dirt blocks in case he needs a quick get away. “You right there George?”

But the call remains silent. Dream pauses, character frozen while he waits for George to reply.

All of a sudden Dream’s headphones blare a nightmarish scream. Dream doesn’t even have time to figure out what’s happening before he’s been tagged, and the call fills with triumphant laughter.

“What the hell was that?” Dream brings a hand to his pounding heart. “You scared me.”

*“That was my battle cry.”* George giggles. Dream tries to stay mad, really he does. But George sound so damned pleased with himself that Dream just melts.

"It's 4 to 4. Whoever takes the next round wins," Dream mumbles, "weirdo."

George may have pulled off that win by a pure fluke, but Dream's competitive spirit is lit, and his feelings for George be damned, he is going to win this thing.

The first minute comes and goes and Dream hasn't spotted George once.

*"Oh you're in trouble now, aren't you Dream?"* George teases

"No."

*"Yeah?"* George says. *"Then come and get me."*

But just as George's words leave his mouth, the compass in Dream's hot bar swivels, and he catches a flash of blue in the corner of his eye. Dream smiles as presses his fingers down on the keys, racing along on the treetops. Almost without realising he's shifted closer to his microphone, enough that his lips are almost brushing the surface. *"Oh George..."*

*"What the hell?"* George chokes. *"Don't talk like that."*

Dream laughs softly, still staying close to the mic. "You like it."

Dream's stalling. He's already spotted George, and he's slowly edging closer and closer. George is stood by a crafting table, and judging by the way he's standing perfectly still, is crafting something. Meaning -- he has his inventory open and won't see Dream coming.

*"What would you say if I did?"*

And suddenly Dream is stopped dead in his tracks. "What?"

*"I said what would you say if I -"* But as he's talking George turns, and immediately spots Dream's

neon green character right behind him. “*DREAM!*”

George takes off running and Dream curses, shaking his head to clear his thoughts and resuming the chase. He’s close. So so close. But it isn’t enough. The time runs out and George remains untagged. The score is 4 to 5. George won.

And he’s not afraid to let Dream know it.

“*YESSSS!*” George screams, and Dream winces at the feedback through his headphones. “*THAT’S RIGHT BITCH I’M THE FUCKING BEST.*”

“George,” Dream protests weakly. “I’m going to have to censor that.”

“*Right sorry.*” George says. “*Still won though.*”

“Yeah you did.” Dream sighs.

“*So what’s my prize?*”

Dream frowns. “Prize? We didn’t agree on a prize.”

“*I think it’s only fair that I get one though, since I utterly destroyed you.*”

“You won 5 to 4 I wouldn’t call that-”

“*Pummeled. Into the ground. There was nothing left of you to bury. Gone forever. Forgotten.*”

Dream snorts and shakes his head. He knows George and he knows George is unshakably stubborn when he wants to be. “Fine. What do you want? Money?”

“*I want...*” George pauses, ever the drama queen. “*Hand pics.*”

"Hand pics?" Dream blinks, and then dissolves into an incredulous wheeze. "You can't be serious."

*"I'm dead serious."* George says. *"I want pictures of your hands. Give them to me now."*

Dream's brain short circuits. "Why on earth do you want hand pics you weirdo?"

*"I'm a business man Dream,"* George says, *"and the value of your hand pics is astronomical. Your stans will be tripping over themselves trying to get them from me, it's a good investment."*

"Shut up," Dream says, fighting the blush that's rising to his cheeks. Dream is aware of the fandom's... fondness for him. Honestly, he takes it as a compliment. Dream can't forget when he posted those first merch pics with his hands visible. His fandom had drooled over them for weeks. Dream had judged them at the time, but then again, he looks at the two photos he has of George every night so, he kind of gets it now.

Dream clears his throat, suddenly feeling extremely nervous.

"We-we need to say an outro."

George thankfully goes along with Dream's change of subject and they quickly do a little outro speech.

"Ok I stopped the recording." Dream says when they're done. "Looks pretty good."

*"Yeah?"* George asks. *"Do you think it'll make a good video?"*

Dream grins, and despite the nerves still lingering, it's genuine. "I think they'll love it George."

George hums happily.

"I'm going to edit it right now, so you can go." He says. "Catch up on the sleep I stole from you."

“Oh.” George’s happy energy seems to fade a little. “Okay sure.”

Dream bites his lip. “I’ll text you before I post it?”

Dream can almost hear George’s grin. “Yeah. I’d like that.”

Once they end the call, Dream switches to his editing software. Leaning back he cracks his knuckles. He has a lot of work to do.

Almost four hours and two pee breaks later, the video is done. As he clicks export and watches the bar begin to fill, he leans back with a satisfied smile. He wasn’t lying when he told George he thinks his subscribers will love it. It’s genuinely a very entertaining video, and some of the best fun he’s recording probably ever. Though maybe that’s just because he was with George. Everything’s better when he’s doing it with George.

**Dream:** *it’s all edited, want me to send it to you before i post?*

**George:** *no it’s fine i trust you.*

**George:** *post it already i want to see everyone’s reactions to me kicking your ass*

**Dream:** *humble as ever i see*

**George:** *ofc it’s my best trait*

**George:** *along with how amazing and sexy i am*

Dream scoffs and rolls his eyes, setting his phone down as he prepares his video to post. Once everything is ready and he has a thumbnail and a title, he clicks upload.

**Dream:** *all done :)*

**Dream:** *gonna go get something to eat brb*

Dream leans against the kitchen counter as he waits for the microwave to finish reheating his Mom's homemade leftovers. Once it's done, he sits himself on the couch and pulls up his new video on his phone as he shovels lasagna into his mouth.

He's had the video up for less than half an hour, and it already has thousands of views and hundreds of comments. Letting his fork hang in his mouth, he clicks on the comment section and starts scrolling.

***THIS IS MY NEW FAVOURITE VIDEO AAAAAH IT WAS SO FUN I LOVE THIS NEW GEORGE GUY***

*don't wanna overanalyse but dream seems so happy in this video. i really like him and george playing together i hope he makes more video with this guy :)*

14:56 george's battlecry lmaooo

*anyone else love this new george guy? him and dream seem really close and this video was so fun to watch*

Dream feels warmth bloom in his chest and his mouth curving into a smile. They all love George, and really, Dream can't blame them.

For a while Dream lets himself get lost in the comments, letting all the positivity and support for George warm him from the inside. Just as he's thinking he should put his phone down and get some sleep, his phone buzzes.

It's a snapchat notification from George. Immediately Dream's curiosity is piqued. Why did George use Snapchat of all things? He clicks on the notification and immediately a photo fills his screen. It's George, in bed. What the fuck.

On instinct, Dream's finger presses down hard on the screen to hold the picture there and stop it from loading out. George's face is smushed into his pillow, dark hair messy and fanning across his forehead. His eyes are screwed shut, the curve of his mouth set into a tired smile. Dream swallows before his eyes finally flick to the caption.

*where are my hand pics*

Caught off guard, Dream laughs, a loud wheeze bubbling up from his chest. After a moment's deliberation on whether or not he should screenshot, he decided the pros outweigh the cons. The photo quickly saves itself to his camera roll.

Dream stands and heads out of his living room to his back door. Crouching in his backyard, he splays his hand out in the grass and snaps a quick picture. After captioning it, he sends it through to George.

*here is your prize. as you might be able notice, i'm touching grass. maybe you should try it sometime.*

He grins when he gets the notification that George took a screenshot. About five minutes later, he gets another picture.

George is not in bed this time (Dream is only marginally disappointed), and looks to be on some sort of balcony. He has a deadpan look on his face as he gestures to the bustling city behind him.

*i live in the middle of london. where the fuck am i going to find grass*

Dream grins, quickly screenshotting the photo and holding up his phone to take another photo of his own. This time he flips it to the front camera, keeping it low enough so that his face can't be seen, and just his torso and an awkward thumbs up is in frame.

*you did go outside though. baby steps. i'm so proud of you.*

It takes a few seconds for George's reply to come through. He's in bed again, but his face isn't in the photo, hidden behind the covers of the duvet George has pulled over his head.

*yeah and it was cold. never again and goodnight.*

Dream laughs, and screenshots the photo. The photo he sends back is nothing but a black screen, captioned: *it's literally morning for u tho*

He gets another black screen in return.

*fuck you*

Dream shakes his head fondly and doesn't even bother to try hide the smile on his face.

He doesn't see the tweet until later.

**dream is a LOSER rip** @georgenotfound

prize of hand pics received. i accept paypal.

Chapter End Notes

hope u are enjoying :)

## selfish

### Chapter Summary

karl meets sapnap, dream is jealous, but he and george work it out, in the end.

### Chapter Notes

HELLO sorry this chapter took so long i was super busy with school but i am back now :D

not much for authors notes right im sorry it is late and i am v tired so there i bound to be a plethora of typos i am so sorry. but as always, hope u enjoy anyways <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“George.” Dream’s laughter plays softly from George’s phone speakers, the blue light from the screen casting shadows where he’s holding his phone suspended above his face. “*You’re such an idiot.*”

George presses pause on the video, turns his face into his pillow, and screams.

He’d clicked on “*Dream calling George an Idiot for 5 Minutes Straight*” on a complete whim. It had shown up in his recommended, and George had laughed, thinking something along the lines of *what the hell?* and clicking the video, unaware of exactly what it had in store for him.

Loud laughter, from Dream’s most impressive wheezes to the soft giggles that melt into George’s name. And then after: soft murmurs of “*you’re such an idiot.*” that have so much affection bleeding into the words George can physically *feel it* wash over his skin.

The comments are having an absolute field day.

**DREAM IS SO WHIPPED PLEASE GDHSJG**

*all i want is for someone to call me an idiot the way dream calls george an idiot </3*

*george seriously has dream wrapped around his little finger oml*

*nah cause why the way dream says idiot kinda...*

And that video is by far not the only compilation. Fans have cut multiple snippets from Dream's new tag video and slapped them together with old clips from the first time George went on Karl's stream, posting all sorts of compilations with a range of creative titles. Like some sort of self-destructive maniac, George forces himself to sit through all of them. It takes a while too, since every time his name passes Dream's lips followed by a warm "*idiot*" , George has to pause the video and punch something.

He's already (painfully) aware of his feelings for Dream. But now that their friendship is being publicly advertised across the internet, things have only escalated. People point out their flirty dynamic constantly, making speculation tweets that only seem like they're half joking. Comments of *are we sure they aren't dating?* are also becoming increasingly common. But what really gets to George is the fucking *fanart*.

Drawings of their Minecraft characters, hand in hand as they navigate the grassy fields of the block game somehow turned into a beautiful piece of realism. Drawings of them in person, laughing, smiling, holding each other as fanart George threads his fingers through painted strokes of blond hair. More than anything, George wants what the fans think he already has, and it makes him yearn with an intensity he's never felt before.

George sighs, running a hand through his hair and letting his phone fall to his chest. He's gotten himself into such a mess. Would it have been easier if he'd just never replied to that first tweet? Had never answered that first DM? He'd like to believe it would, but he knows he'd put up with any amount of pain and unrequited yearning just to hear Dream say his name in the special way only he can.

Suddenly his phone buzzes on his chest, startling George out of his daze.

**Karl:** *hey george u ready for stream with me and q in 10?*

George smiles and the heavy ache in his chest lightens just a little.

After George's public 'debut' as Dream's friend via his feature in his newest Youtube video, Karl and Quackity decided it was only fair that George got to be shared amongst everybody. The tag

video was just over a week ago now, and George has already featured in one of Quackity's streams, and two of Karl's.

George thought it would be terrifying — being live in front of hundreds of thousands of people — and it still is. But Karl and Quackity are so welcoming, their high energy and easy going personalities allowing George to relax and almost forget he was being listened to by thousands. George soon easily fits into the friend group without any sort of chafing. He loves hanging out with Karl and Quackity, and unbelievably — they seem to love it too.

Which he doesn't neglect to shove into a certain someone's face.

**George:** *karl stream in 10 u gonna be there? i am :)*

**George:** *and by me being there i mean me being on it because karl invited me xx*

**Sapnap:** *you are devil spawn.*

**George:** *see u in ten <3*

The plan for the stream is to explore the Dream SMP, and hopefully build a house for George now that he's been officially whitelisted as a public member. He and Karl chatter mindlessly as they gather random materials, retrieving some red mushroom and pink clay out of a random chest. They don't really have any sort of vision, hoping that if they just keep placing blocks down eventually something good will come from it.

Only ten minutes into the stream, George's ringtone starts blaring.

George sneaks a glance at his phone screen to see Sapnap's contact lighting it up and scowls.

*“Is it important?” Karl asks, “you can mute and answer if you need.”*

“No.” George answers, swiping his finger across the screen to decline the call. “It’s fine.”

But a mere seconds later, his phone starts ringing again.

*“You sure about that?”*

George declines the call with a huff, unlocking his phone to send Sapnap a quick *did you forget im on stream asshole?* before switching his phone on silent. “Yeah, I swear it’s not important.”

“*Mhm.*” Karl hums, sounding a little smug. George’s eyes flick to where his muted stream is pulled up on his second monitor to see Karl’s face plastered with a knowing smirk.

“What?”

“*Oh nothing,*” Karl says. “*That wouldn’t happen to be Dream would it?*”

“No, it wasn’t.” George says, feeling guilty somehow even though he’s not even lying. “It’s just my friend. He’s being annoying.”

“*Really?*” Karl genuinely sounding confused. He lets out a small huff of laughter. “*I just wouldn’t be surprised if it was Dream that’s all. He usually never lets you be alone with anyone.*”

George flushes pink. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“*Exactly what it sounds like,*” Karl says. “*Dream is so possessive of you.*”

“Possess-” George falters. “Shut up. It literally wasn’t Dream, I swear.”

“*Yeah?*” Karl says, his smug grin from earlier back on display. “*Prove it.*”

As if on cue, George phone lights up with Sapnap’s contact as his phone buzzes aggressively. George rolls his eyes with a defeated sigh.

“Fine.” He says, swiping the button to answer.

“*FUCKING FINALLY.*” Sapnap’s scream crackles from the speaker of George’s phone, and Karl lets out a noise of confusion.

“*That is not Dream.*”

George scoffs. “Told you.”

“*Hello!*” Sapnap calls out loudly from the phone, practically screaming to ensure George’s mic will pick up his voice. “*I am Sapnap, I’m so sorry George has kept us apart for so long my love!*”

On his stream, Karl looks absolutely bewildered, his cheeks turning a rosy pink. “*My love?*”

“Yes sorry, forgot to mention he is pathetically in love with you.” George says, “I’ll do you the favour and keep you two apart for a little longer.”

“*Wait George-*”

George firmly presses his finger to the red end call button, and Sapnap’s voice is cut off mid-sentence.

“*Who the hell was that?*” Karl questions, face noticeably red.

“His name is Sapnap,” George sighs. “Sorry about him, he’s a little-”

“*Call him back.*”

George blinks. “What?”

“*Call him back!*” Karl repeats, laughing lightly. “*It’ll be funny, come on.*”

George hesitates for a moment, gaze flicking back and forth between Karl's stream and Sapnap's contact still displayed on his phone. He can't help but feel this is a terrible idea, but his shoulders droop with a defeated sigh. Sapnap picks up after the first ring.

*“YOU LITTLE BITCH ASS IMMA FUCKIN-”*

“*Sapnap!*” Karl calls, “*My love!*”

Sapnap immediately falls silent, and whispers his next words so quietly George's mic is only barely able to pick them up.

“*What the fuck.*” He chokes. “*I am literally in love with him.*”

After Sapnap recovers, Karl and him get on like a house on fire. Seriously, it's kind of embarrassing that Sapnap is meant to be George's friend and yet George is the one that is painfully third-wheeling.

Karl immediately voices his dislike of the crunchy phone audio quality, and Sapnap gets added as Karl's friend on discord (he almost cries and proceeds to send George multiple keyboard smash texts) and moved into the stream call. Somehow with better audio quality, Sapnap summons even more baseless confidence, confessing without an ounce of shame that he is Karl's biggest fan. Sapnap is a shameless flirt, and yet Karl doesn't seem to mind at all, the call filled with their laughter as they tease back and forth like teenagers. It's all George can do to continue laying the foundations of his house, ignoring the urge to vomit. At this point, George wouldn't be surprised if by the end of the stream they were getting ready to exchange vows.

Then suddenly in the middle of choosing between spruce and dark oak doors, discord pings, and George's attention snaps to the small profile picture of a snoozing boy in bed now present in the call.

“*Dream.*”

Everything else seems to fade away, Karl and Sapnap's conversation and laughter becoming nothing but background noise.

Dream laughs. “*George.*”

George doesn't even realise he's grinning, a bubble of warmth and energy spreading from his chest right to the tips of his fingers. It feels like the first sip of hot chocolate on a snowy day, energy and life seeping back into his body with every mouthful of steaming milk and cocoa. George hadn't even noticed he was cold, but now that Dream is here, his entire body is buzzing with warmth.

"How are you?" George says, wanting nothing more than to hear Dream speak. Hear the way his accent curls over words as he explains the happenings of his day in specific detail. The warm timbre of his voice reverberating through George's headphones, each consonant softened with his slight lisp that George absolutely loves.

*"Good."* Dream says, a soft smile lacing his words. *"I've been working all day though, so a little tired, but still good. You?"*

"I'm good." George says, pulling his knees to his chest as he smiles. "Better, now."

*"Better now?"* Dream says, and George can *hear* the smugness in his tone.

"You-"

*"Uh guys,"* Karl breaks in, *"You do realise me and Sapnap are still on call right? And that there's uh,"* Karl pauses, *"150k people watching."*

George flushes crimson red, eternally grateful Karl is the one with a camera pointed at his face and not him.

"Yeah obviously," George coughs, "We were just talking."

"Yes," Sapnap says, "We heard."

*"Wait, hold on,"* Dream says, seemingly noticing Sapnap's presence for the first time. *"Who are you?"*

Sapnap scoffs and George feels the beginnings of panic, already seeing exactly where this is headed.

*“Oh nobody,” Sapnap says, “just George’s best friend of two years. Nice to meet you too, buddy.”*

*“Best friend?” Dream says, suddenly a little quieter. “He never told me about you.”*

*“Is that so?” Sapnap leers, and George squirms. He’s desperately trying to think of the words so he can step in, and can stop this before it dissolves into an actual catfight. “Interesting. Wish I could say the same but unfortunately he never shuts up about y-”*

“Sapnap!” George cries out finally. “Dream, this is Sapnap. Sapnap, this is Dream. So cool that you’re finally meeting now can we *please* build my fucking mushroom house.”

The call is silent.

*“Okay, let’s do that,” Karl breaks in, saving everyone from the awkward silence. “Dark oak or spruce doors, George?”*

“Spruce.” George says, breathing an uncertain sigh of relief. “Let’s do spruce.”

The rest of the stream runs relatively smoothly. George’s house gets built, Karl reads out the subs and donations, and Dream and Sapnap don’t have any more weird standoffs. Though Dream is noticeably quieter than usual.

After almost four hours, Karl finally draws things to a close. Bidding goodbye to his chat before ending the stream with a final thank you to all the subs and donations. After telling Sapnap to message him sometime later (more caps lock keyboard smashes sent George’s way) Karl is quick to leave the discord call. Everyone bids him a fond goodbye, congratulating him on a good stream and encouraging him to get some rest. After Karl leaves, all that is left is Sapnap, Dream, and George.

*“Well,” Sapnap says, clearing his throat. “I’m gonna head off too I think. It was nice finally meeting you Dream.”*

“Yeah,” Dream murmurs. “Nice meeting you.”

“Text me before you sleep, ‘kay George?” Sapnap says, “sick of you ghosting me man.”

“Sorry Sap,” George says, overly aware of Dream’s silent presence looming in the call. “Will do.”

Sapnap leaves the call, and Dream and George are left alone.

“So...” Dream says, drawing out the sound.

“So?”

“Sapnap.”

George groans. “I would say he’s not always like this, but unfortunately he is. It’s a miracle I haven’t gone grey.”

George was expecting Dream to laugh, but he doesn’t even manage a halfhearted chuckle.

“You two seem close.” Dream says instead. “He said you’ve known each other for two years?”

“Well yeah,” George says, picking at the hem of his hoodie sleeve. Why does the atmosphere feel so weird? “He was exaggerating though, it’s barely even one. We actually met by talking in your replies. Arguing about apple juice and orange juice or some stupid shit like that. Seriously don’t know how he became my best friend from that but I guess miracles do happen.”

“Oh,” Dream says, “that’s cool.”

Okay, what the fuck. Why is Dream being so... *stiff*? It’s like he’s trying to speak in a language he doesn’t know. Which is weird, because last time George checked Dream spoke English just fine.

"Yeah." Dream clears his throat. "It's cool that you guys are good friends... or whatever."

And then it clicks.

"Oh," George says. "You're jealous."

"What?" Dream snaps. "No."

All the anxiety and confusion is gone now, replaced with amusement as George smirks. "You are so jealous."

"I'm not." Dream insists. "You're allowed to have other friends, why should that bother me?"

"Of course I am," George says, not bothering to hide his smug smile. "You're just worried you're not the favourite."

"I don't care about being the favourite." Dream mumbles. He definitely cares about being the favourite.

"Karl said you were possessive over me, I should've listened." George tuts, continuing to poke and prod the sleeping bear. "Can't believe I defended you."

"What?" Dream says, sounding a little panicked. "Why would Karl say that? I'm not possessive."

"It's okay Dream." George grins. "I promise I'm all yours."

"Shut up." Dream says, and George can just tell he's blushing. He feels supremely proud that it's finally him who's making Dream embarrassed and lost for words instead of the other way round. "Idiot."

Dream might have to share George during the scheduled streams of the day time. But in the late hours of the night, when they're the only ones awake because of their unintentionally synced sleep schedules, it's just George and Dream. They sit in call for hours on end, basking in the presence of one another just like they always do. For some reason, it's during this time that Dream decides to impulsively start a speed run stream.

"That was actually embarrassing," George says, as Dream plunges into lava after a failed MLG block in the nether.

*"Oh shut up."* Dream answers, but it has no bite. *"That was a bad run anyways."*

They've been bickering back and forth for almost two hours now, mindlessly chatting as Dream wanders around Minecraft. He's only half-heartedly trying to beat the game. It's more something to do in the background as he responds to donations, pausing every now and then to thank a sub.

As Dream finishes answering a question from a donation, George exhales softly, leaning back to mindlessly spin around in his chair. His eyes feel dry and heavy — and as previously mentioned — he and Dream share a sleep schedule, which means that Dream is probably getting tired too.

"You should sleep soon Dream," George says. "You've been up for a while,"

*"I don't wanna go to bed yet."* Dream murmurs, voice quiet and words slurred. He sounds just as tired as George, which is why George is confused why the other man is even bothering to argue.

"Why?" George asks. "You've been streaming for hours, I'm sure chat won't mind if you don't complete a good run before you end the stream."

*"Don't care about the getting a good run."* Dream murmurs. *"Don't care about the stream."*

George frowns. "Then why is there any reason to stay up?"

Dream answers without hesitation. *"So I can keep talking to you."*

George flushes, eyes flicking to chat. Suddenly any exhaustion fogging his brain disappears as his cheeks burn, hyperaware of the two hundred thousand viewer count and the chat flitting past at bullet speed. "Dream."

"Yeah?"

"You need to sleep."

"Don't wanna."

George sighs, massaging an oncoming headache. "If you don't finish up soon I'll leave."

"No." Dream says, sounding mortally wounded at even the prospect. "Stay please. I need you."

He sounds so sad, George almost feels a little bad. But his growing panic at Dream speaking without a filter trumps any compassion. George needs to get Dream to end stream now before the man says something they both regret.

"Dream-" George begins again, but before he can finish the other man cuts him off.

"No." Dream says. "You don't understand. I-"

*This is a bad idea.* George's brain tells him. George agrees, but he opens his mouth anyway.

"Yeah?" He says. "What don't I understand, Dream?"

*I- I need you.* Dream mumbles, and the breath is stolen from George's lungs. Dream continues, words low and slurred with exhaustion. *"I want you, George."*

Fire licks at George's insides, charring every part of him and clogging his lungs with smoke. He can't breathe and he can't think. All he can do is sit there, speechless as his head swims and the chat

whizzes by.

*I want you.*

“Dream-”

“*I want you.*” Dream repeats, voice soft and intimate as if they’re alone. As if there isn’t two hundred thousand people watching them. “*I want you here. With me. In Florida.*”

George can’t breathe.

“*Come to Florida.*” Dream says again, words heavy and real and George *burns*. “*Come visit me, George.*”

George can’t take this anymore.

“End the stream Dream.”

“*George-*”

“End the stream *now.*” He snaps. He sounds furious, *feels* furious, and he knows this clip is going to be all over Twitter and Youtube in a matter of hours. People pointing fingers and making their own theories and long speculation threads. But George doesn’t care. He needs Dream to end the stream *now*.

Dream is silent for a moment. But finally, he whispers out a quiet. “*Okay.*”

He thanks all the viewers for coming to the stream. All subs and donations. And then Dream ends it.

“What the *fuck* was that Dream?” George spits out immediately.

“George I-”

“You had over two hundred *thousand* viewers. Can’t you think before you speak?” George isn’t angry, not really. He’s scared, he’s overwhelmed, he’s hot and he’s *confused*. The ache in his chest has a chokehold on his lungs and throat, and if he doesn’t scream out something he might just let slip the real reason why he’s so upset.

“Did the thought ever go through your thick skull that maybe you shouldn’t be streaming when you’re so tired you can’t think before you speak?” He yells. He *burns*. “Because it’s unfair, Dream. You might be used to having all this attention and having all these *eyes* on you but I’m not, okay? You can’t say those sort of things to me in front of everyone like that. It’s- It’s...” George heaves. “It’s fucking *selfish*.”

Dream is silent, George’s heart thudding against his ribcage as he catches his breath.

“*If you didn’t want to come see me you could have just fucking said.*”

Dream’s words are bitter, laced with venom and anger. But underneath the surface, hidden in the voice George knows so well, is hurt.

“Dream.” George starts, but he doesn’t quite know how to finish. How can he without revealing why Dream’s words affected him so much? *I need you. I want you.* “I-” George cringes. “I’m sorry, I just- I just don’t want you to say things you don’t mean.”

Dream lets out a strangled sound over the line. “*You think I didn’t mean it?*”

“Of course.”

“*And you’re calling me stupid.*”

George frowns. “We were on stream in front of-”

“*I know.*” Dream cuts in, “*and I’m sorry, about that. I really am. But I’m not sorry about what I said.*”

George's lips part. The ache twists painfully inside his chest.

*"I meant every fucking word."*

*I need you.*

*I want you.*

George ignores the heat licking away at his insides.

“Florida.” He says.

“*Florida.*” Dream repeats.

“You want me to go to Florida?” George asks, though he's not really asking. His head hangs low, and he picks at the plastic on the arms of his chair. “You want me to see you?”

“*Of course I do.*” Dream breathes.

“We've know each other less than five months you know.” George says weakly. “You sure you want to invite some random guy you met on the internet to fly across the world to meet you?”

“*Yes.*” Dream breathes. “*More than anything.*”

George taps his fingers on the arm of his chair, teeth sunk into his lower lip. “Okay.”

“*Okay?*”

“I'll come see you.” George says, letting his hands rest in his lap. “If that's what you want.”

*"It is."* Dream says, his voice curling around his words in the familiar way that lets George know he's smiling. *"Now? I'll buy you the tickets and everything."*

George laughs. "Okay."

Dream gives a joyful shout, probably punching the air like the absolute dork he is

*"This is amazing."* Dream whispers after he's finally calmed down. *"I can't wait to see you George."*

"Me too." George says, biting back a smile.

They sit in the call for a moment longer, enjoying the lingering excitement. But suddenly Dream abruptly breaks it with a harsh laugh.

"What is it?"

*"You yelling at me to end stream is definitely already all over twitter."*

George groans, plonking his head down hard onto his desk. "Fuck."

"It's fine." Dream says. "Let them think whatever they think. All I care about is that in less than a week you're going to be right here by my side."

George swallows, and the ache flares. But for now, he pushes it down. Before Dream was his unrequited crush, he was his friend. Stupid feelings be damned, George is going to go hop on that plane, fly half way across the world, and he is going to give Dream the tightest hug the man will ever receive.

"Yeah." George says, ignoring the anxiety pooling in his stomach by pulling up his legs to rest his chin on his knees. "I can't wait."

## Chapter End Notes

:]

# home

## Chapter Summary

the feelings that come before george meets dream, and the meeting itself. (finally)

## Chapter Notes

hey ;)

1. obviously cause of covid i have not been in on a plane or in an airport for a hot minute so forgive me if any terminology is funky.
2. thank you so much for all the love this fic has received. there's over 1.2k of you subscribed for updates, and 1.4k people have this fic bookmarked, publicly or privately. not to mention the hundreds of comments showing overwhelming love and support for both me, my writing, and this fic. i am so glad i could make so many of you happy with my writing, and hope to keep doing so for a little longer. thank you.
3. there's probably a fuckton of typos lol sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In less than six days, George will make a ten hour flight across the Atlantic Ocean and set foot in Orlando, Florida. In six days, George will be face to face with Dream.

And he's absolutely terrified.

After Dream booked George the tickets (paying at his firm insistence), the call didn't last much longer. Dream had wanted to stay, had wanted to talk, was so  *fucking*  excited - but George had pulled away.

“I’m kinda tired, Dream.” He’d said, massaging his hands to stop them from trembling. “Can we talk about this more later?”

“*Oh.*” Dream had quieted, his excitement and happiness dissipating in an instant. The call fell suffocatingly silent. “*Yeah, yeah! Sorry I didn’t- I uhm...*” Dream coughed. “*Get some... get some sleep George.*”

“Yeah.” George swallowed. “Will do.”

He had tried to do just that. *Has* been trying for hours now - but still he lies awake, open eyes staring at the blank ceiling as he fights down the anxiety, regret, and the overwhelming urge to vomit.

How could he be so *stupid*?

It sounds ridiculous, but George has really only begun to realise that Dream is *real*. The voice on the other side of the discord call isn't just a stupid green Minecraft character, Dream is a person. A person with a face, a body, a mind. A person who can't possibly love him back, and is waiting for him in Florida ready to break his heart.

George had always loathed the distance between him and Dream. Four thousand miles of sea water designed to worsen George's pathetic longing. But now George can feel that distance dissolving, and it scares him.

Before, when Dream became too much, when George's feelings grew roots and vines that curled around his throat and make it hard to breath, he could always press pause. Mute the call, have a "snack break", make some dumb excuse that his cat fell off the bed and he needs to go cuddle him to stop his incessant whining.

But if Dream is actually *there*, real and stood right in front of him, there will be no escape when it becomes a little too hard to breathe.

So as George watches the time tick by, the days changing over and the date stamped on his tickets edging closer and closer, he feels sick.

Dream makes it even harder.

"*I've already made your room up.*" Dream tells him over a late night call. George is in bed, covers pulled up to his chin as he listens to Dream excitedly ramble at hyper speed. "*You're lucky I live alone so there was a lot of empty rooms to choose from.*"

"Mhm."

*"I made yours the one closest to mine though, hope you don't mind. It was the biggest so I thought you'd like that one best. It already has a bed in it, and clean sheets and stuff. Of course it has clean sheets, it would be weird if I made it with dirty sheets."*

“Yeah.”

*“Wait! You’ll be able to meet Patches! She usually doesn’t like strangers but I’m sure she’ll love you. It’s such a pity you can’t bring your cat though, it would’ve been cool for them to meet.”*

“Yeah, it would’ve.”

“*George.*” Dream pauses, taking a deep breath and giving a joyful laugh. “*I’m so excited.*”

George fists his hands in his sheets and ignores the way his stomach lurches.

“Me too, Dream.” He whispers. “Me too.”

He tells no one. Not Karl, not Quackity, not even *Sapnap*. And especially not the millions of Twitter users that have their eyes on Dream and George at all times. Both he and Dream had agreed them meeting was probably better left a secret. Dream because he wanted it to be something just for them. George because when it all goes wrong at least Dream will be able to cut him off quietly.

There is one person he tells, though somewhat unintentionally.

It’s two days before his flight leaves that his mother walks in on him, suitcase open and empty on his carpet and George with an armful of clothes agonising over what he should bring to suit Florida’s weather. When he sees her, standing in the door with her mouth open wide, he drops the clothes in shock. As he scrambles to think of anything that could be a plausible excuse, he realises that really, he’s not going to be able to hide a trip to America from the person he lives with.

So he guides her to take a seat on his bed, and tells her.

“I’m going to Florida to meet a friend.”

“A friend?” She says, an eyebrow raised.

“Yeah,” George turns away, hoping his mother won’t be able to read his expression. “A friend.”

But apparently, his mother is a lot sharper than George gives her credit for.

“It’s to see the person you’re always talking to isn’t it?”

George tenses, fisting a wayward shirt in his hands. “What?”

“Oh come on George, I live with you, and I’m not deaf.” His mother says, giving him an amused glance. “You spend all your time locked up in your room - and knowing your work ethic there’s no way you’re working for all of it.”

“That-” George frowns, ignoring the jibe. “That doesn’t mean there’s someone.”

“Yes it does.” His mother looks at him. “It does, because every time you actually leave your room, you look the happiest I’ve ever seen you.”

George stays silent, unsure what to say in response to that.

“So,” she smiles, patting the covers beside her, encouraging George to sit. “What’s her name?”

George swallows, sinking down into the mattress, pointedly avoiding his mother’s eyes.

“His name is Dream.”

His mother's smile falters.

But after a brief moment of thought she steels. Her eyes soften and her expression nothing but gentle and inviting as she takes George's hands in her own.

"Why don't you tell me about him?"

And maybe it's the growing anxiety of the trip growing closer and closer, maybe it's the weight off his shoulders at his mother's immediate acceptance — but George finds himself telling her absolutely everything.

It all spills out of him like an overflowing waterfall, sparing little detail. He tells her about Dream's career as Youtuber, that he makes Minecraft videos that tens of millions of people subscribe for and enjoy. (Her eyes widen comedically when George tells her his exact subscriber count.)

He tells her how he's been a fan for a long time before they first properly met. How one stupid reply sent them down a path of teasing and joking in the DMs to ten hour long discord calls. How now, most nights are spent falling asleep to the sound of Dream's voice as he talks about anything from a dog he saw that day to the beautiful vast infinity of the night sky.

And then, he truly opens up his heart, and he tells his mother about the ache.

He tells her how smiling at a new message notification morphed into something deeper. That the soft butterflies and flushed cheeks turned into hot tears, blood roaring in his ears and a constant suffocating ache that's always there, heavy in the center of his chest. He tells her how though it's painful, he kind of likes the way it hurts.

And she listens the whole time, even when George's voice breaks, and his eyes sting from the beginnings of hot tears. When his shoulders shake, his mother pulls him in for a hug.

"It's okay." She hushes, rubbing soft circles into his back. It should feel patronizing, the way she's treating him like a child. But George just holds her tight, hands fisted into the material of her shirt as he absorbs the comfort he's been starved of for so long. "It's okay honey."

"I'm scared." George pulls away, eyes red and voice thick. "I'm scared I'm going to ruin things."

"George," His mother says, running a gentle hand through his hair. "You won't ruin things."

"How can you know that though?" George persists. "How can you know that the moment I see him I won't blurt out everything? That he won't be disgusted and push me away?"

His mother puts a hard grip on his shoulder, brown eyes filled with protection and love so fierce George has never seen in them before. "If he does that, then he is not the man you thought he was, and he doesn't deserve one bit of the love and adoration you hold for him."

George swallows the lump in his throat and bows his head.

"Come on," His mother says, letting her hand fall from his shoulder and giving him a gentle smile. "How about I help you pack."

Two days later, his mother drives him to the airport. She holds him tightly when the boarding call chimes, and George returns the hug just as fiercely.

"Go on," She says as she pulls away. "Wouldn't want to miss your flight."

The anxiety churning in his gut argues otherwise, but George realises that underneath all the anxiety and dread, there's a little bit of excitement too. In less than twenty four hours, Dream will be standing right front of him. Someone he can see, smell, touch. He'll be *real*.

How he deals with having Dream right in front of him is future George's problem. For now, all he has to do is put one foot in front of the other.

Though the plane is cramped and the flight is excruciatingly long, it's bearable. George loses himself in the music playing through his headphones. Leaning his head against the small plane window, he watches below as the familiar patchwork houses and roads of London give way to rolling green hills of the countryside and then — the vast expanse of the Atlantic ocean.

He sleeps for a little bit, but is unable to get anymore than a few hours. Courtesy of the uncomfortable seats and the middle-aged man snoring loudly next to him. He tries to resume his riveting activity of staring out the window with a backing track, but he soon gets a little bored of doing nothing but daydreaming to Travis Scott. Unlocking his phone, he mindlessly flicks through the apps looking for another form of entertainment to pass the time.

Navigating to his camera roll, his eyes lock onto the video he'd downloaded a couple weeks ago. The time stamp in the bottom corner marks it as a little over half an hour in small white letters. It's the video he filmed with Dream.

Look, it might be a waste of storage to download a video like that when it's up a free to watch at one quick Youtube search, and call him a simp for downloading it in the *first* place. But now, when he has no internet and is thousands of feet in the air, it serves George well.

As soon as George hears Dream's voice playing through his headphones, his entire body tenses. It doesn't sound any different than normal, just as warm and all-encompassing as always. But it's also a reminder. A reminder of what exactly is waiting for him at the end of this flight and it's *terrifying*.

George jerks his hand out immediately to pause the video, to stop the blood roaring in his ears and the anxiety causing his stomach to do backflips. But for some reason, at the last second he hesitates.

The video quickly transitions from Dream's intro - the classic "only a small percentage of you are actually subscribed" spiel - and cuts to Dream facing George's Minecraft character.

It starts with him whining about his lack of introduction, and listening back on himself George can't help but cringe. But instead of getting annoyed, Dream just laughs.

*"Fine."* He says, words laced with fond amusement. *"Everyone. This is George. Say hello George."*

*"Hello."* George hears himself say, sounding far too pleased. *"I hope you're ready to be absolutely destroyed, Dream."*

The knowledge that George was actually successful in backing up that claim makes him smile a

little bit. As does Dream's ironic over-confidence when he begins the game and wins the first round.

George slowly relaxes as he lets the video play out, Dream's voice and his own playing quietly through his headphones. He winces a little at his "battle cry" (and quickly turns down the volume), but it dissolves into amused smiles as he replays Dream's baffled reaction and own terrified screams.

Soon George is nearing the end of the video, the final round unfolding on his phone screen.

"*Oh George...*" Dream whispers low into the microphone, and George reacts much the same way his old video self does. Which is turning very red and trying not to choke. After assuring the man seated next to him that he's quite alright, George continues watching the video. He cringes a little at his flirtatious response towards Dream's "*You like it.*", but feels a little better when it throws Dream off enough for him to win the round, and as a result, the game.

He watches his stupid demands of hand pics with a smile, and it grows wider with Dream's embarrassed spluttering. The rest of it plays out with Dream's outro, and then the video stops, his headphones playing nothing but silence.

"Excuse me, Sir?"

George's head snaps to the left where a flight attendant is standing in the aisle, giving him a patronising, lip-stick painted smile.

"Uh, yeah?"

"I have to ask you to fasten your seatbelt as the plane is preparing to land."

George blinks. "Pardon?"

The flight attendant's lipstick painted smile twitches. "Your seatbelt, Sir. We will be landing soon."

“Oh.” George says as his brain jumpstarts. “Right, sorry.”

He scrambles for his seatbelt and clicks the pieces together as the flight attendant stalks off with an eyeroll.

The plane is landing.

George’s heartrate immediately picks up and the all too familiar feeling of anxiety begins swirling around in his gut. He glances out his window at city sprawling out below him. Florida. Down there, Dream is waiting for him.

The man seated next to him gives George a weird look as grips the armrests so tightly his knuckles turn white.

Though he wishes he could, George regretfully doesn’t have the ability to slow time, or stop a plane midair, and so when the tinny announcement plays through the speakers as the plane begins its descent, George can do nothing but screw his eyes shut. The impact of the plane hitting concrete shudders through him and makes his teeth chatter, but he barely notices it. Just he barely registers as he rises with everybody else when the seatbelt signs blink off, numb as he retrieves his overhead luggage and files off the plane.

As soon as he switches his phone off airplane mode, it buzzes with the message.

**Dream:** *saw your plane landed! waiting for you by baggage collection.*

**Dream:** *can’t wait to meet you george :)*

The nerves pick up again full force. *What if I ruin things what if he hates me what if he never wants to see me again what if-*

The memory of his mother’s warm brown eyes, burning into his as she keeps a firm hand on his shoulder.

George takes a deep breath, tightens his grip on his phone and holds his head high.

**George:** *coming now :]*

The airport is flooded with people, and it makes it a thousand times harder to find the baggage collection in an airport George has never been in before. But finally, after a lot of pushing and shoving and having to ask one to many people for directions, George finds it. His teeth sink into his lower lip as he nervously scans the crowd looking for-

George blinks. He has no idea what the fuck Dream looks like. His nerves give way to embarrassment as he lowers his head, pulling out his phone.

Dream picks up after only a couple rings.

“*George?*”

George swallows, hearing Dream’s voice simultaneously making him relieved and all the more nervous.

“Hi.” He breathes.

“*Where are you?*” Dream asks, “*Have you made it to baggage claim yet?*”

“Yeah, I’m here I just uh,” George coughs. “I don’t exactly know who I’m looking for.”

Dream is silent for a moment before he laughs. “*Right. I totally forgot.*”

“Can’t you find me?” George asks.

“*I mean, I can try.*” Dream replies. “*Wait, I know. You see the pillar with the red stripe around it?*”

“Dream.” George deadpans. “I’m colourblind.”

“Oh.”

George snorts and Dream lets out a wheeze. “*Okay fine uhm... it's on the far right. Near the first set of doors.*”

George raises a head and scans the airport, until he sees the pillar Dream is talking about.

“Okay, pretty sure I see it. You want me to head there?”

“*Yeah.*” George hears a rush of laughter over the phone. “*Race you.*”

George rolls his eyes, still keeping his phone pressed to his ear as he pushes through the crowd towards the pole. He reaches it in no time, pressing a hand to the cool concrete.

“Made it,” He says into the phone with a triumphant smile, “guess that means I beat you.”

“*George.*”

“*Yeah?*”

Dream laughs loudly, and George freezes when he hears it both through the crunchy phone audio, and from behind him. “*Turn around.*”

George obeys.

He looks somehow exactly how George imagined, and also completely different.

Dream is stood only a few metres away amongst the crowd, phone held up to his ear and mouth stretched into a wide smile as he slowly begins making his way towards him. With every step closer, George takes in a new detail. Dream’s blond hair. A tousled mop on his head dark enough to be mistaken for brown, but with a golden shine that proves otherwise. There are freckles splattered across his nose, his cheeks, even on his neck where the skin peeks out from the material of his white t-shirt. His eyes are a warm golden yellow, though George knows that they’re actually

green. Whatever the fuck green looks like.

Dream finally makes it to the pillar, and now they're face to face and toe to toe. George has to tip up his head slightly in order to look at his face because Dream is so fucking *tall*.

"*Hi.*" Dream says, and it plays from the phone still held in George's limp hand, and from the mouth of the man stood before him.

Ever since they first booked the tickets — and sometimes even before — George had pictured the moment he'd first meet Dream. In his mind it had always been a bit more dramatic. Running to meet each other in the middle like some cliché romcom, George jumping into Dream's arms and being held in a tight embrace. He'd thought about what he'd say too, something heartfelt, emotional. Or, on the other hand, something witty to make Dream laugh and break the awkward first-meeting ice so they could be just how they always are.

But now that George is here, and Dream is stood before him in all his six-foot-three blond glory, all George can do is wordlessly stick out his hand.

"Nice to meet you."

Dream stares at him for a moment, unblinking and absolutely bewildered. Then he frowns, pocketing his phone, and slapping George's hand out of the way.

"*Idiot.*"

And then suddenly George is being pulled into a crushing hug, Dream's arms encircling him as his face is pressed into a warm chest. George finds himself relaxing almost immediately, all the week old tension and anxiety melting away as he brings up his arms to circle around Dream's torso, holding him just as tight. Dream is warm. So *so* warm, and George can't help but melt into his arms, breathing in a comforting scent that he wouldn't be able to describe as anything other than *Dream*.

He wants to stay there, held in Dream's arms feeling safer and happier than he has in a long time. But if he allows himself any longer, he might actually cry. Reluctantly, he unhooks his arms from around Dream's torso and begins to pull away.

Or, he tries to. Even though his arms have fallen down by his sides, Dream's remained circled around his back, holding George close to his chest.

“Uh,” George says, voice muffled against Dream’s chest. “Dream?”

“Yeah?”

“You gonna let me go?”

Dream rests his cheek against the top of George’s head, and hums. “Nah. Probably not.”

George scoffs, pushing away. Against his word, Dream lets him.

“How was the flight?” Dream murmurs, a single hand still clinging to George’s upper arm.

“Long.” George says, willing away the emotional overload tears stinging at the back of his eyes. *If I cry he will never let me live it down.* “My ass hurts.”

Dream laughs, throwing his head back and letting out a familiar wheeze that George can’t believe he’s finally getting to hear in person. Dream looks at him, smile impossibly wide.

“Hope it was worth it though?”

George gazes up at him, drinking in Dream’s features. The blond hair his fingers ache to run through, the freckles he wants count one by one, the golden eyes he could look into forever, the shy smile George wants to press his lips against. But instead he just returns Dream’s smile.

“Yeah.” He breathes. “It was worth it.”

They don’t have to wait long for George’s suitcase, and Dream insists on being the one to drag it off the conveyer belt and along behind him as they exit the airport. They walk together, side by

side to where Dream has parked his car, George's heart doing little backflips every time their shoulders bump together.

They eventually reach the car, Dream popping open the trunk and lifting in George's suitcase and carry on backpack. He settles into the driver's seat, and George sinks into the passengers.

Dream turns his head to give George a grin.

“Ready?”

George clicks in his seatbelt and nods, not even bothering to hide his smile. “Yeah.”

Strange how this is the first time George has ever set foot in America, and yet somehow he can't shake the feeling that he's finally made it home.

#### Chapter End Notes

tysm for reading!! hopefully this chapter was a satisfying enough take on the dnf meet up. dream pov next chapter :)

thank you again for all the love and comments. i do read them all, but often get overwhelmed when replying so i'm so sorry if i don't reply to yours!! though i promise i definitely read it and it likely made me smile extremely wide.

love you all <3

## green

### Chapter Summary

dream takes george home, has a lot of gay panic, and remedies his neglected fans.

### Chapter Notes

hi hello! sorry this took so long i was struggling a bit with chapter but i think i've managed to sort it out okay.

also i said on twitter that this fic might only have two chapters left (including this one), but we'll have to see. my outline is constantly changing, but if i fit everything i want to in the next chapter than it might really be the end!

again, we'll see what happens. for now, pls ignore the typos, and hopefully enjoy the chapter :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Honestly, It's a fucking wonder that Dream is still breathing.

When he'd first seen George in the airport, it felt like time had stopped. All the people milling around him slowed and the bustling chatter died down, Dream deaf and blind to anything other than *him*.

Standing by the pillar in a crumpled crewneck and jeans, hair a fluffed up mess and phone held up to his ear as he nervously scanned the airport crowd. To everyone else in the airport, George probably wasn't a sight to behold. But to Dream? It was his world, standing right there in front of him. Fingers gripping his phone with George's confused voice still playing through the speakers, he took in a deep breath, and walked forward.

Meeting was painfully awkward, mostly thanks to George trying to shake his hand like they were fucking business partners. But somehow Dream had mustered the confidence to slap it away and pull George into a hug like he's been dreaming of every night since they first booked the tickets.

And it's then, with George's face tucked into his chest and his own pressed into dark hair that smelt of cinnamon, honey, and fabric softener, that Dream realised once again that he's completely and utterly in love with George, and that he's never been more in love with anyone than he is with this short, skinny, dark haired British boy with an attitude and a smile that could light up the

darkest of rooms. And with that, another realisation.

That he probably didn't think through the consequences of having him fly over to stay in his house for an whole *week*.

George is here. In Florida. And Dream is entirely fucked.

Right now, George is sat next to him in the passenger's seat of his car, separated only by the gearbox and console, and it's taking all his self-control to keep his eyes on the road and not on the man next to him. A feat that has him gripping his wheel so tightly his knuckles are permanently white.

It also doesn't help that Dream can feel George's eyes on *him*.

Dream won't deny it, he'd been nervous for George to see his face. He's not overly insecure or anything, but after being friends for months — especially becoming close as they are as quickly as they did — George was sure to have built up expectations of what he thought Dream would look like. Was Dream taller than he'd imagined? Was his face a different shape? His eyes a different colour? As they cruise along the road at 100 mph, Dream can't help but wonder if he's lived up to whatever George had been hoping for.

“How long's the drive to your house?” George asks suddenly and Dream to flinches, hands jerking on the wheel causing the car to swerve slightly. If George notices, he doesn't comment.

“About an hour?” Dream replies, clearing his throat. “Depends on the traffic.”

“Ugh.” George groans, and Dream allows himself a small glance to the side to see George rubbing tiredly at his eyes. He smiles softly.

“Didn't get much sleep on the plane?”

George lolls his head against the headrest to give Dream an unimpressed look. “No. Those plane seats might as well be concrete. And the man next to me wouldn't stop fucking snoring.”

Dream laughs, turning his eyes back to the road. “If you want, you can try and get some sleep now. Though I guess the car seats probably aren’t any more comfortable than the ones on the plane.”

“Yeah,” George sighs, “but at least you aren’t snoring.”

Dream smiles. “Guess my talking is probably just as annoying though isn’t it?”

“No.” George says, “I’m used to falling asleep to your voice.”

Dream’s grip on the wheel tightens. “Oh.”

A short silence follows, and suffocated by the tension, Dream chances a look to the side.

George is *blushing*.

Dream has been daydreaming what it would finally be like to see George get all embarrassed and flustered instead of just hearing it over a call and trying to imagine it in his mind. But now he quickly realises he wasn’t ready to.

George’s pale skin is dusted with pink, and his teeth sunk into his lower lip as he pointedly looks out the window. It’s a mesmerising sight, which isn’t good when Dream is behind the wheel of a car. Quickly he averts his eyes back to the road, gritting his teeth. *Don’t look*.

A gentle quiet falls upon the car, except for the music playing softly from the radio and the rumble of the car as it cruises along the highway. Dream nervously hums under his breath, fingers tapping along the wheel. Beside him, nothing can be heard from George except his soft breathing. Gradually it slows, and with a fond smile Dream realises George has taken him up on his suggestion and fallen asleep.

Thanks to both George’s flight landing in the afternoon and the surprisingly busy traffic, the sun is hanging low in the sky by the time Dream is pulling into his driveway. He winces at the garage door’s loud creaking as it rises, but George doesn’t seem to hear, chest rising and falling slowly. Still fast asleep.

Dream glances at him.

Might as well get his stuff inside before waking him up, right?

He retrieves George's luggage from the trunk, a suitcase in one hand and George's carry-on backpack in the other, hauling them up the stairs to the guest bedroom and sitting them both at the foot of the bed. With his hands on his hips he surveys the room one last time. Are the bed sheets smooth? Is the carpet clean? Are there any weird lingering smells?

Shaking off the nervousness, Dream leaves the room and makes his way back to the garage. gingerly approaching the passenger side window, he knocks lightly on the glass.

“George?”

Through the glass, Dream can see George's face pressed against his shoulder, eyes shut and seemingly still fast asleep. He chuckles, fingers curling around the door handle and cracking open the door, trying to be as quiet as possible.

George looks so peaceful like this, and — Dream admits quietly to himself — absolutely beautiful. If Dream had thought George was pretty in low quality photos sent over discord and snapchat, nothing could prepare him for the man now being right in front of him in the 4K quality of reality.

Dream had first noticed in the airport after reluctantly pulling away from their hug, but George has freckles. They're sparse and so light you'd only be able to see them if you were looking impossibly close, but *fuck*, Dream is looking so close. At every little detail.

His hair seems longer than in the photos George had sent him, perhaps having grown a bit. Because of the chaos of travel and now sleeping in the car, it's fluffed and sticking up in all sorts of places. Other's might laugh and say it looks stupid, but Dream is whipped to the point that he can't help but find it endearing. George's dark eyelashes fan across his cheeks, skin pale and smooth apart from the odd freckle. His *lips*. Impossibly pink and soft. Dream aches to reach out, part them with his thumb before tipping George's head up and leaning in to-

George's eyes flutter open and Dream stumbles back as if he'd been electrocuted, hand flying up to scratch awkwardly at the back of his neck as he fights down a furious blush.

“Dream?” George croaks, lifting his head to blearily look around. His voice is low and raspy from sleep in a way that has electricity zapping up Dream’s spine. “Are we at your house?”

“Yeah,” Dream clears his throat, stepping back as the man unclips his seatbelt and stumbles out the car to stretch. Dream looks away from the sliver of stomach that becomes visible as George’s shirt rides up, ignoring the want smoldering in the pit of his stomach. “We’re home.”

After George has woken up enough to make it into the house without walking into walls, Dream gives him a quick tour. George indulges Dream’s dramatic commentary of every carpet stain and every nick in the plaster, providing him with quiet laughter even when Dream knows the joke he made wasn’t all that funny. But hey, who is he to complain when his heart stops beating for a couple seconds because of how pretty George looks when he smiles?

Halfway through the tour, Patches makes her entrance. Though Dream had previously explained over one of their many late night calls that Patches wasn’t really fond of strangers, she takes to George almost immediately. The rest of the tour is spent with her winding around George’s legs, incessantly meowing until the man finally gives in, kneeling down and letting her jump into his arms. And seeing that? Seeing his cat in the arms of the man he’s hopelessly crushing on? Dream seriously might have to look into getting an inhaler.

“Last stop,” Dream says as they arrive at the spare room. “Here’s your home for a week.”

George gives him a small smile as he wanders past Dream into the room, scratching behind Patches’ ears. Dream’s heart twists painfully at the sight. *How is he so fucking cute.*

“I can’t believe I’m here.”

Dream tenses, hot shame sliding down his spine. “Sorry is the room not good? I made it up the best I could.”

“What?” George turns. “Oh *no*. I’m sorry that’s not what I meant. The room is great Dream.” He marches over to the bed and sinks down into the mattress as if to make a point. “It’s perfect.”

“Oh,” Dream says, relieved. “Then what did you mean?”

George hesitates, hand stilling in Patches fur. But after a moment of thought he shakes his head, shoulders shaking with a breathy laugh. “Can you imagine, for just a minute, me explaining this to myself from five months ago? Oh yeah Dream? That guy you have a stan account for and make too many thirst tweets about? Yeah well you guys become really good friends after flirting on Twitter and now he’s paid for your flights so you could go to America and stay with him.”

The way George has put it, Dream can’t help but laugh too.

“You’re Y/N George,” Dream says through a wheeze. “Gonna throw your hair up in a messy bun?”

“Oh shut up.” George says, but he’s smiling too. “One Direction wouldn’t happen to be in your kitchen waiting to adopt me, would they?”

And suddenly they’re laughing. George’s breathy squeaks mingling with Dream’s wheezes in a way they’ve never been able to do over call. Dream catches his breath first, wiping at his eyes and fixing his gaze on George whose eyes are still screwed shut with laughter.

*Fuck.* Dream thinks, seeing George’s face split into a wide smile and his shoulders shaking as he laughs. *I’m so in love with him.*

Still seated in George’s lap, Patches lifts her head to look at Dream. *So what are you going to do about it?* Her eyes seem to say.

Dream scowls at his cat. *None of your business.*

Dream had planned to stockpile a reserve of content so that while George was staying with him, he could focus entirely on spending time with his friend. But unfortunately, due to his both his procrastination and inability to think about anything other than the fact that *holy shit George is coming and he’s going to stay in my house for a week what the fuck*, that never happened.

Now George actually *is* here, and Dream has put out no new content for over a week. No videos, no streams, no weirdly cryptic tweets. To summarise, Twitter is pretty sure he’s been brutally murdered.

“Like I said for the thousandth time Dream, *I don’t care.*” George says, giving Dream a tired, but amused smile over their dinner of leftover pizza. Dream had been going to take them out for a fancy dinner as a gesture of welcoming, but it was already late when they’d first arrived home. After the house tour, the sun had well and truly set, and George was already exhausted from his flight enough that Dream didn’t want to push him. So, microwaved pepperoni it is.

“You can stream for a couple hours,” George says again, smiling over a slice of pizza. “I’m not going to magically dissolve because of boredom.”

“But *still*,” Dream whines. “You fly halfway across the world to see me and then I just ditch you to go sit behind a computer?”

“You have millions wondering where you’ve gone Dream. The longer you leave it the more desperate they’re going to get.” George says, after swallowing a mouthful. “If you stream now, then we’ll have the whole week to do whatever you want without the stress of everyone breathing down your neck.”

Dream sighs, planting his forehead firmly on the table. He loves his job, and he loves his fans. But right now he really wishes he had some boring office job so he could just take a week off to hang out with his friend (crush) and not have to worry about the whole internet making memorials for him like he’s passed away.

“Hey,” George says, interrupting Dream’s moping by poking the top of his head. “did you forget I’m also a Dream stan? I’ve been waiting for new content as long as everybody else has.”

Dream scoffs, lifting his head. “Right. Sorry I’ve been so selfishly neglecting providing you with content in favour of spending time with you in *person* .”

“Apology accepted.” George says, giving Dream a devilish grin.

“I hate you.” Dream says, while George just digs into another slice of pizza. They both ignore the painfully obvious fact that it’s a complete lie.

The stream doesn't take long to set up. Dream doesn't usually set up at *all* really, or take much time to plan his streams. Considering his streaming is more supplementary to his channel, he usually just speedruns or does Q&As. They don't actually require much, if any planning, and so he can just stream whenever he feels like it.

He doesn't feel like streaming now. Even now, while he's sitting behind his computer with his finger hovering over the "start stream" button, he longs to power off his computer and go find George so they can bundle up together on the couch and watch a movie or something. But George is right. The longer he stays inactive, the more pressure will build up for him to return, and the more questions everyone is going to have when he finally does.

He might as well get it over and done with.

As soon as Dream starts the stream, the chat is flooded with thousands. Dream can't help but smile at the excited greetings, and the joking quips that he's still alive.

"Hello everyone," He exclaims with a laugh. "Yes, believe it or not I'm not dead."

Immediately the questions start pouring in. Dream knows he's not obliged to answer, but he can't but feel a little guilty. His obsession with George's approaching visit was pretty deep, and not only has he not streamed or put any videos out for over a week, he hasn't been active on any social media at *all*. Which, when that's kind of your job, is kind of something that needs an explanation.

"Sorry I was gone so long," He starts, hands reaching for the fidget spinner on his desk as an outlet for his nerves. "I-"

The door behind him creaks, causing the words to immediately die in his throat. He whips around in his chair, almost falling out of it when he sees George standing in the doorway.

When Dream had caved and said he was going to stream, George had requested a shower, feeling greasy and dirty in the way one does when they've spent the whole day travelling and then gorging themselves on pizza. Dream had of course pointed George towards the cupboard that held the spare towels, and George had smiled gratefully before wandering off to the bathroom. It seems now that he's finished his shower, having gotten changed into an oversized t-shirt and plaid pajama pants, his skin flushed pink and wet hair still dripping.

He raises a hand and gives Dream a small wave.

“One second guys,” Dream says into his microphone, before quickly hitting his hotkey to mute.

“George?” He says, turning around as George passes through the doorway and pads over to the couch Dream has pushed against the far wall. “What are you doing in here? Did you need something?”

“No, you can keep streaming,” George says quickly, “I was gonna lay in bed and watch it, but then I thought, why not take advantage of the fact I’m literally in the same house as you and can come enjoy a Dream stream in the flesh?”

Dream snorts, shaking his head lightly. “Okay, whatever you say.”

George seems to relax at that, sinking further into the couch cushions. “You can unmute. I promise I’ll be quiet.”

“You better.” Dream warns, but it has no bite. Obediently he reaches out for the mute hotkey, and presses down with an excuse ready on his tongue.

“Sorry guys Patches came into the room whining,” He says, grinning as he gives George a quick glance. George rolls his eyes. “But I went and gave her some food so we shouldn’t have any more interruptions.”

The stream continues pretty smoothly, Dream reading through the questions people are donating and putting in chat, and doing his best to give thoughtful answers. He almost forgets that George is even there.

Almost.

George’s eyes on him are a constant, warm and heavy as they burn into the side of his face. Dream does his best to ignore it, staring at the chat with such an intensity that he wouldn’t be surprised if his computer burst into flames right there and then.

He sneaks glances in between questions, to see George lying on the couch, the side of his face pressed into the armrest and a soft smile gracing his features when Dream’s eyes meet his. It

makes Dream's stomach flip, butterflies fighting to find their freedom. George is so damn pretty and he's *here*, and Dream is so so in love, and it's so hard to pretend that George isn't the most amazing person he's ever met. That he wouldn't give up the world just to see George smile. That he wouldn't give him everything, every part of him without hesitation. To pretend that he isn't head over heels for this stupid British fuck.

It's also hard to pretend that he's alone in the room to his thousands of viewers when George won't stop making much fucking *noise*.

He keeps shifting on the couch, clothes rustling every time he turns, or moves a little too quickly. It's quiet, barely *anything*. But having George in the room already has Dream on edge, nerves drawn tight like a bowstring. Every single noise in the quiet of the room sounds absolutely deafening.

Dream presses so hard on his mute hotkey, it's a wonder it doesn't break.

“*George*.” He hisses, slipping off his headphones as soon as he's confirmed he's muted. “Why are you making so much fucking noise?”

George immediately stills on the couch, flinching in a way that makes Dream immediately regret his tone.

“Sorry,” George mumbles. “I can leave if you want I-”

“I didn't say that.” Dream says quickly. “Sorry. I was just wondering why you were moving so much.”

George looks at him sheepishly. “It's kind of cold in here.”

“It's cold?”

Dream glances at George's arms wrapped around himself to see the skin raised in goosebumps, the dark hair standing up straight. His hair still wet from the shower has dampened the collar of his shirt, probably making him even colder.

Dream frowns. “Why didn’t you just get up and grab a jacket or something?”

George flushes then, glancing away. “I didn’t want to leave the stream.”

“Seriously?” Dream says, in part disbelief and part amusement. Also a little bit in part of painful affection that makes his stomach flip. George didn’t want to leave his stream for even a second.

It’s maybe that hopefulness that clouds his judgement, and deludes him into thinking that what he does next is totally okay.

“Here.” He says, rising out of his seat. He fists a hand in the material of his hoodie, lifting his arms as he pulls it over his head and thrusting the piece of crumpled clothing out to George. “Have this.”

George stares at him, expression slack with disbelief. “What? No. Then you’ll be cold.”

Dream shakes his head, thrusting out the hoodie once again. “The hoodie was more for comfort than warmth, I’ve always run hot. Seriously, I don’t mind. Have it.”

George bites his lip, hesitating. But finally his shoulders slump in defeat, and he reaches out to take the hoodie from Dream’s hands.

Dream watches as he pulls it on, unable to really look away. George’s wet hair comes out looking even more messy once the material is pulled over his head, tousled and hanging in his eyes in a way that makes Dream’s fingers ache to run through it. The green material of the hoodie drapes over him in waves, the long sleeves covering his hands to the very tips of his fingers. It’s reminiscent of the first time Dream ever saw George’s face, drowning in his own oversized merch.

But this has more of an effect. Because this isn’t just his merch, this is *his* hoodie. One he was just wearing. It’s probably still warm, absorbing his body heat for the past few hours where it’s been pressed against his skin. *Fuck*. It probably smells like him too. Dream can’t help but wonder if George has noticed. If George is thinking about the fact that he’s wearing Dream’s hoodie — saturated with his warmth and scent. He probably isn’t. Dream is the only one lovesick enough to think such thoughts.

“Green.” Dream says, swallowing the dryness in his throat. “It looks good on you.”

George looks up at him through his eyelashes, lips quirked into a grin. “I wouldn’t know.”

“Oh shut up.” Dream says, flopping back down in his seat. Without meaning to, his eyes flick back to his chat to see everyone wondering where the fuck he’s gone. Dream curses, how cute George looks in his hoodie momentarily forgotten as he slips his headphones back on and unmutes.

“Sorry guys uh, Patches again,” He clears his throat, eyes flicking back to where George is sitting on the couch, swimming in the green material of his hoodie. “She’s driving me crazy.”

He doubts they bought it, but he carries on anyway. He actually manages to get through quite a few more questions before he glances at the run time and thinks that it’s probably enough to satisfy his viewers for now.

“Okay guys I think I’m going to call it a night.” Dream says, smiling when he sees the spamming of *NOOO* in chat. “Sorry. Sorry. I promise I won’t ghost you guys again.”

He looks back at George, who gives him a smile.

“Though I might be a little inactive this week. Visiting family and all that. Hope you guys can wait for me.”

After some final goodbyes and thanking all the donations and subs, Dream ends the stream. Slipping off his headphones and leaning back in his chair with a sigh.

“See that wasn’t so bad, was it?” George murmurs from on the couch, and Dream immediately turns to him.

It’s obvious George is exhausted, struggling to keep his eyes open as he gives Dream another lopsided smile.

“It wasn’t.” Dream admits. *Because you were here.* “Off to bed for the both of us I think.”

George gives a light nod, and groans as he pushes himself up off the couch. Dream stands with him, and for a moment they pause. Face to face.

For the thousandth time, it hits Dream like a truck how beautiful George is. His dark hair now finally dry, an unbrushed mess long enough to cover his forehead and eyebrows, brushing against his eyelashes when he blinks slowly. Brown eyes that seem to hold a secret, constellations of light freckles, dim stars across a canvas of pale skin. Inside and out, George is everything Dream could've ever hoped and dreamed of, and it's no wonder he is hopelessly in love.

"Thanks for the hoodie." George says, and Dream's eyes flick to the soft pink of his lips.

He swallows. "No problem."

But then George is lifting his arms, hands gripping the back of the hoodie as he moves to pull it off. Dream immediately thrusts out a hand and captures George's wrist in a tight grip.

"Don't." He breathes. "You can keep it."

George looks at him blearily. "What?"

"You can keep it." Dream repeats, palm tingling where it's still encasing George's slender wrist. "I have heaps, I don't mind. Besides," he says, as brown eyes meet green. "Like I said, you look good in green."

George sways, so silent that for a moment Dream thinks he might be so tired he didn't even hear what he said. But then the wrist held in his hand moves and Dream is immediately snatching his arm back, flushing red.

"Okay." George says quietly, so close that when he tips his head up to look at Dream, he can make out every freckle that dots his cheeks. "Thank you."

"Like I said," Dream forces himself to turn away, for fear he'll do something he might regret. "No problem."

## Chapter End Notes

hell yeah pining let's fucking go.

## sea salt & honeysuckle

### Chapter Summary

george can't sleep, he and dream go grocery shopping, and an unexpected meeting sets the beginning of the end in motion.

### Chapter Notes

HELLO oml i am so sorry for this taking a fucking age. this fic recently got a bot made for it on twitter which meant a lot of new people were giving me, and this fic more attention. my fear of being perceived made my motivation nöpe the fuck out and for that i am sincerely sorry, but the fact that this chapter is literally 6k hopefully makes up for that <3

you know the drill, typos, and general shittiness ahead, but i hope you enjoy nonetheless.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George lies tense beneath the covers, hands fisted in overhanging hoodie sleeves, his nose buried deep into the material around his collar. His lungs are tight from desperately trying not to inhale the scent that is still clinging to the fabric.

He should never have accepted the damn hoodie.

Seriously, it is a literal *torture device*. One that has been specifically designed with George in mind, intent on making his life a living hell. He's exhausted, limbs aching from travel and eyes heavy from being awake for so long, but he can't sleep because this stupid piece of green clothing smells like *Dream*.

When he'd first been pulled into a crushing hug at the airport (unbelievably) less than twenty four hours ago, he'd smelled the very same thing. If someone had asked him then to describe what exactly that scent *was*, he'd probably be unable to. Something foreign, he supposed, yet undeniably comforting. An all encompassing *boy* smell, that along with the warm arms wrapped around him reminded him that he'd *made it*.

He's been lying awake now for almost an hour, breathing in Dream's lingering scent on his hoodie, and thinking.

Sea salt, he decides. Like Dream had just emerged from the ocean and flopped down on the sand, sea salt crusting on the golden planes of his skin as he bathed in the rolling heat of the sun. Underneath that is a mellow sweetness that George identifies almost immediately: honeysuckle. He is able to put a name to it so quickly because of the label he'd seen plastered on Dream's shampoo. After using it during his shower, his hair smells the same.

And *fuck*. That sparks yet another waterfall of thoughts that have George's head spinning.

When George had first stumbled into Dream's house aching and exhausted, he'd tripped over a pair of shoes at the door, having to reach out and steady himself on the wall to prevent him falling ass overhead. The offending pieces of footwear had been carelessly kicked off by the door, and were so big it was almost comical. Seriously, they were fucking *huge*. Though George's feet weren't exactly tiny, he could never possibly mistake those shoes for his own.

Just like — when they made it further in — he couldn't mistake the hoodie slung over the back of a chair for his. Or the book still cracked open half way, abandoned on the armchair of the couch along with an empty mug and reading glasses still sitting beside it. They were all things that were so painfully *Dream*.

Dream had given him a tour, arms open and smile wide. He pointed out the dents in the plaster from where he'd swung open the door too wide and hard. Stains in the carpet where he'd spilled soup once and done a poor job of cleaning it properly. The prominent dent in the couch cushions that has permanently conformed to the curve of his back from how long he's spent sat there.

As he'd taken everything in, the ache in George's chest had flared. He's here, in Dream's house, where his personality and being bleeds into every crack and crevice. Now, he's lying in the bed Dream has made for him — sheets freshly washed. He's in his *clothes*. Wearing a hoodie that's worn and still smelling distinctly like sea salt and honeysuckle. This house and everything in it has Dream's name written all over it. Now even *him*.

George sighs in frustration, pressing both palms against his eyes until he sees black spots — a weak attempt at willing his thoughts away. He's exhausted, but if he keeps trying to sleep like this, he's going to keep thinking until it kills him.

He reaches for the bedside table, hand blindly feeling over the wood until it comes in contact with the cold metal of his phone. He presses a finger to the power button, hissing when the bright light momentarily blinds him.

After a few curses and rubbing at his dry eyes, his vision returns. He unlocks his phone and stares aimlessly at his home screen. Involuntarily his eyes flick to the blue Twitter app, and after only momentary hesitation, he clicks on it with a sigh. Hopefully he'll pass out after a couple minutes of mindless scrolling.

Turns out, it was the worst idea he could've had.

*"sorry guys patches again, she's driving me crazy" dream ur not slick that definitely aint patches LMFAO*

**DREAM IS SUCH A BAD LIAR FHSUDJD**

*so we all collectively agree that whoever interrupted dream's stream was not patches right? cool good to know.*

George's eyes widen as he continues scrolling, reading countless tweets poking fun at Dream's apparently horrendous attempt at lying. They rip into him so much George actually feels a little bad, but when he comes across a clip of Dream explaining his quick muting because of "Patches" he can't help but cringe. Maybe those tweets have a point.

But it's the tweets that are a little too specific that have George staring open mouth at his phone screen.

*so we get radio silence from dream for a week, and at the exact same time george becomes less active on twitter. AND THEN dream streams and we hear someone in the background? if i speak i am in trouble...*

The /hj added below as an afterthought does nothing to ease George's shock and creeping anxiety. *How the fuck do they figure this shit out?*

But it's fine, he quickly tells himself. Stans always pull outlandish theories out of their asses that everybody dismisses. As long as neither he or Dream confirm anything, all the stans' theorising and speculating will remain a joke and everything will be fine.

As if the universe is sending him a blessing, his phone buzzes with a message. George quickly clicks on the notification, grateful to escape the clutches of his scarily accurate timeline.

**Sapnap:** *hey heard u were at dream's house. hope ur having fun!*

Nevermind, the universe hates him.

**George:** *fuck off.*

**Sapnap:** *:p*

George groans, pressing the keys a little too hard when he types out another message.

**George:** *sometimes stan twitter fucking scares me. i have no idea how they figured it out so quickly.*

Three grey dots appear at the bottom of the screen as Sapnap types.

**Sapnap:** *figured out what lol*

George frowns.

**George:** *what do you mean*

**George:** *... the fact that i'm at dream's house?*

**Sapnap:** *huh*

**Sapnap:** *HUH?*

Before George can even begin to process Sapnap's confusion, his phone screen is lit up with his contact. George presses the button to answer.

“Hello?”

“*YOU’RE AT DREAM’S HOUSE?*” Sapnap all but screams. George hisses and frantically lowers the volume with a few hard clicks to the buttons on the side of his phone, eyes flicking to the wall beside him. “Quiet, Sapnap. He is literally next door and I don’t know how thin these walls are. I don’t want your incessant screaming to wake him up.”

Sapnap makes a strangled sound and George can’t help but let out a few short amused exhales at his friend’s exasperation. After a drawn out moment of stutters and heavy breathing, Sapnap manages to pull himself together enough to make out something intelligible.

*“I can’t tell if you’re fucking with me.”*

George grins. “I’m not fucking with you.”

“*Okay,*” Sapnap exhales, “*then please explain how the hell you got to Dream’s house.*”

“A plane.”

**“FOR FUCKS SAKE.”**

George bites back a laugh. “You asked.”

“*Shut up.*” Sapnap grumbles. “*Actually no please tell me everything. How long have you been at Dream’s house and why the fuck are you there?*”

George hums. “He invited me. I only got here today.” His eyes flick to the time, the prominent 2:34 AM displayed in small white lettering making him do a double take. “Uh, technically yesterday actually. Either way, haven’t been here that long. Which is why it’s so crazy how the stans are literally already speculating.”

“*Well no offense dude but you didn’t really make it hard for them.*” Sapnap says. George opens his mouth to protest, but Sapnap cuts him off with another outcry. “*Actually wait hang on a fucking minute, I am supremely offended. I’ve been pestering you to visit me for ages and yet you fly over*

*to see Dream the first time he asks? This is blatant favouritism.”*

“Well you didn’t pay for my tickets did you?” George snarks, but as soon as the words leave his mouth he realises he’s made a mistake.

“*He paid for your fucking tickets?*” Sapnap cries. “*Oh my god he literally is your sugar daddy.*”

“Sapnap.” George hisses, putting the volume down even lower as if Dream could hear. “It’s literally not like that.”

“*Okay,*” Sapnap says, his tone suddenly a lot calmer and more serious than before. “*Then please explain to me what it is like, George.*”

The amusing hysteria of the conversation seems to fall way, and George pauses, suddenly feeling the need to tread carefully.

“I don’t know what you’re trying to say.” George swallows. “We’re friends.”

“*Yeah? He flew you out to see him because you’re “friends”?*”

“*Yes.*” George snaps. “I-” But the words get caught in his throat, and he falters. “He doesn’t feel that way about me.”

“*Mhm,*” Sapnap hums. “*What about you?*”

George fingers fiddle with the edges of the sleeves of Dream’s oversized hoodie. “What about me?”

“*How do you feel about him?*”

George lets his head fall back onto his pillow.

He accepted his feelings a long time ago, so really, this shouldn't be as hard as it is. He knows he's in love with Dream, accepted it as fact and has been living with the ache that it brings. But admitting something to yourself in the safe confines of your heart and mind, and admitting it to someone else are two very different things. To say it out loud, form the words with his mouth and know that he means them; that makes it *real*. And making it real means it can hurt him.

The material of the hoodie he's wearing shifts, and suddenly George is inhaling sea salt and honeysuckle. He's exhausted, his eyes are so  *fucking heavy*, and the ache in his chest burns so much George thinks his insides might either spill out all over the freshly washed sheets or just incinerate him from the inside and leave nothing left.

*He's already hurting.*

“I like him,” George says, and when the words pass his lips it feels less like the nervous confession he’s been dreading and more like a heavy weight being lifted off his shoulders. “I like him a lot more than I should.”

“Well, congratulations. You’re officially the last to know.”

“Oh shut up,” George says tiredly. “If you’re going to be a smartass then just hang up and leave me alone to suffer.”

“*Why is there any suffering at all?*” Sapnap says, “*Dream is literally right next door just go cuddle or some shit.*”

“It seems you’ve failed to realise my feelings are very much unrequited.”

“*It seems you’re even more of a fucking idiot then I give you credit for.*” Sapnap fires back. “*He likes you too, George.*”

George’s mouth opens, and closes. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“*Yes I do.*” Sapnap says, “*Okay look, I may not know him as well as you do, but I’ve been watching him for the better part of two years. I know his voice and I know the personality he portrays online, and even with just that I can tell that he’s been happier in the past few months than he’s been in the entirety of the time I’ve been watching him. He’s been happier since he met*

*you.”*

“That-” George starts, heart clenching at the insinuation, “that doesn’t mean anything.”

*“Are you kidding? He fucking lights up when you’re around George, and I’m not the only one’s whose noticed. The stans have picked up on how he acts around you for one, not to mention Dream’s friends themselves.”*

“Dream’s friends?” George cuts in. “How would you know what Dream’s friends think?”

*“After the stream I joined a while back me and Karl have been messaging,”* Sapnap says, brushing over the information as if it’s unremarkable, *“and we talk about a lot of shit, including how fucking oblivious the both of you are.”*

George swallows the bitter taste in his mouth. “Well, I’m glad you’ve got yourself a new friend, but you’re wrong.”

Suddenly, George feels the hot sting of tears behind his eyes. When he speaks again, his voice is thick and cracked, so much so that it’s impossible Sapnap can’t hear it even over the phone. “No matter how much I fucking wish he would, he doesn’t love me the way I love him. And he never will, so stop trying to give me hope, because it’s just downright cruel.”

George’s chest heaves, shuddering with unshed tears. Sapnap stays silent.

*“How long are you staying there?”* Sapnap asks quietly after George has managed to swallow the beginnings of tears. His eyes are still glassy, though, and there’s a lump in his throat he can’t swallow away no matter how hard he tries.

“A week.” George says.

“Seven days,” Sapnap muses. *“Guess you have seven days to prove yourself wrong.”*

Before George has time to respond, Sapnap ends the call, and he’s left with nothing but the steady end call beeping ringing in his ear. He lets his phone fall onto the covers.

*Seven days.*

From pure exhaustion, George's eyes eventually slide shut and he drifts into blessed unconsciousness. He dreams of the ocean, and the taste of honey lingers on his tongue.

When he wakes hours later, George groans at the fatigue still aching in his bones, made even worse as when he tries to stretch, his legs get caught in the tangle of sheets around his limbs. He eventually frees himself and stumbles out of bed, rubbing at the sleep crusted in the corners of his eyes without even fully opening them.

When he shuffles out into the hallway, a small body sidles past his leg and he startles.

"Patches." George exhales softly after spotting her at his feet, and quickly crouches down to run a gentle hand through her fur. She immediately relaxes into his touch, pushing her head slightly into his palm to encourage more pats. George vaguely recalls conversations of Dream telling him she doesn't usually take to strangers easily, and George can't help but feel honoured that he seems to be an exception.

She purrs when George scratches lightly behind her ears and he smiles. "Good morning."

"Good morning to you too."

George almost jumps out of his skin at the low voice that sounds behind him, turning as he quickly straightens up. He knows who it is, of course, but somehow seeing him there still takes his breath away.

*"Dream."*

From the looks of him, Dream has also just woken up. His blond hair is a mess, golden eyes heavy lidded and foggy the way they are when you're not quite yet fully conscious. The white t-shirt he must've worn to bed is disheveled, crumpled in a way that reveals a sliver of tanned stomach just above the waistband of his sweatpants. George forcefully tears his eyes away back to Dream's face

and prays that his own doesn't look as red as it feels.

At his feet, Patches meows. George sends her a mournful stare. *Please save me from your unfairly attractive owner.*

She does nothing but flick her tail in resigned amusement.

“How’d you sleep?” Dream asks, and George’s eyes flick back to him. Remnants of his morning voice linger, his words gravelly and coated with caramel and sleep.

George swallows, memories of burying his face in Dream’s hoodie and his heated call with Sapnap springing to mind. “Not that great honestly.”

“Oh?”

“Jetlag.” George waves a hand dismissively. “She’s a bitch.”

Dream laughs lightly, eyes quickly flicking up and down George’s form. “Did my hoodie help at all?”

George starts, looking down to see he is indeed still wearing Dream’s hoodie. He’d only worn it to bed in the first place after promising himself to take it off in the morning, but after such a terrible night’s sleep he’d forgotten. Fuck. Now Dream knows he slept in it.

“Uh,” George croaks, too flustered to think of a snarky remark. “Yeah, tha-thanks.”

Dream smiles, soft, but also teasing. “You’re welcome.”

Then he moves, past George to head down the hallway to the kitchen. When he brushes past, George catches the scent of sea salt and honeysuckle and his throat closes tightly.

“Hungry?” Dream calls over his shoulder as he disappears through the doorway.

George exhales. “You could say that.”

He wordlessly follows Dream down the hall and into the kitchen, taking a seat on one of the stools at the marble benchtop. Dream doesn’t sit, instead standing in the open doorway of the fridge.

“Well,” He says, stepping out of the way so George can see the contents of his fridge. Or rather - the distinct lack thereof. “It appears I have forgotten to go grocery shopping recently.”

George snorts at Dream’s bare fridge. The only things visible are a couple of glass water bottles, a few sauces at the top, and a carton of eggs on the middle shelf. “Yes I can see that.”

“We can go after breakfast,” Dream says, reaching for the egg carton. “For now we’ll just have to deal with what we have.”

“Go after breakfast?” George repeats in surprise, as Dream sets a pan on the stove and turns up the heat. He reaches for a bowl from the cupboard above his head and flips open the carton of eggs.

“If you don’t mind,” Dream says, back facing George as he uses the edge of the counter to shatter the egg’s shell, before cracking them open over the bowl one by one. He tugs open a drawer by his hip and pulls out a fork, and begins to whisk the eggs. “I know I’m being a pretty pathetic host but we need to go grocery shopping at least once while you’re here or it’s delivery ordering pizza every meal or starvation.”

“Uh yeah,” George mumbles, unable to push away the thought of how disgustingly *domestic* going grocery shopping together is. He leans his forearms against cold marble, the stone leeching the heat from his skin and giving him something else to focus on other than his stupid lovesick thoughts. “Yeah that’s fine. We’ll go after breakfast.”

There’s a sizzle as Dream pours the blended eggs into the pan, and George raises an eyebrow. “What is for breakfast, by the way?”

“Scrambled eggs, obviously.” Dream gives him a sly grin. “It’s probably not as fancy as the chef-prepared Egg’s benedict you have back in England every morning, sorry.”

“Oh shut up,” George rolls his eyes, “we both know if I even remembered to eat breakfast it was

nothing but soggy cereal and toast.”

“What about crumpets and tea?” Dream squawks in an absolute terrible impersonation of a British accent. It’s honestly not all that funny, but George screws his eyes shut in bewildered laughter.

“You’re such an idiot.” He says, shaking his head.

“Oi,” Dream says, regarding George’s laughter with a soft smile. “That’s my line.”

George’s laughter fades as he looks up at Dream, leaning backwards against the edge of the kitchen counter. He can’t help but stare, still unused to *seeing* Dream instead of just hearing him over a grainy discord call.

It doesn’t help that Dream is so *expressive*. George hasn’t even been in Florida for twenty four hours, and yet he’s already beginning to be able to read Dream’s body language like a book. The way he leans against the counter, attempting to appear relaxed with the shrug of his shoulders, the arms crossed over his chest betraying his slight nervousness. But despite that unease, the smile lines curved into the corner of his eyes are notably deep as he gazes at George from across the kitchen. George can’t really see his golden eyes from this far away, but the fondness displayed in his expression is enough to have George’s stomach doing backflips.

“Dream,” he swallows, “the eggs.”

“Mhm?” Dream asks dazed, before George’s words process and he’s rapidly whipping around to check their breakfast. “Shit.”

They don’t actually get that burnt in the end, though they’re probably a bit browner than scrambled eggs are meant to be. The bread Dream scavenges from his pantry is also a little stale, enough that even when it’s toasted there’s a tough, rubbery quality. But although the breakfast Dream made for him is by all means an absolute culinary disaster, George thinks it’s the best thing he’s ever tasted.

“Ready to go?” Dream asks after he’s slid both their empty plates into the dishwasher.

“What?” George says, “No , I’m still wearing what I slept in.”

“So? It’s not that bad. I’ve gone out in worse.”

George gives him an unimpressed glare, and swivels on his feet. “We can go after I get changed.”

He’s almost through the door to the hallway when Dream calls out.

“Wait, George-”

George turns his head. “Yeah?”

“Can you- you should... uhm...” Dream says, awkwardly bringing a hand to the back of his neck, and averting his eyes. “You should keep wearing the hoodie.”

“The hoodie?” George looks down to see the familiar folds of material he knows to be green even through protan. *Oh.* “Uhm, I- I do have others though. It’s fine.”

“No! I mean uh... do you what you want.” Dream says, lifting his gaze. George can’t help notice how nervous he seems to be as he sways in one spot, hands twisting in the material of his white shirt. “But I wasn’t lying when I said it looked good on you.”

George flushes, heat rushing to his face with so much vigour it’s impossible Dream can’t spot how pink he is turning. He quickly turns away.

“Thanks.” He says. “I’ll uh... keep that in mind.”

When George reemerges from his room less than five minutes later still wearing Dream’s hoodie, that is nobody’s business other than his own.

(And if Dream tries unsuccessfully to hide his smile when he sees George still wearing it, that is also nobody else’s business.)

The supermarket is thankfully not busy, and Dream and George are able to peruse the many aisles without the suffocating press of highly strung mothers and screaming kids. George eyes the many colourful and foreign looking products on the shelves with a mix of wonder and absolute distaste. Meanwhile, Dream pushes along the shopping cart, mindlessly humming away and pulling things off the shelves as he goes. It is just as disgustingly domestic as George had thought it would be, but he manages to distract himself from thoughts of slipping his hand into Dream's by exploring the shelves and finding the weirdest things possible.

“Pickle flavoured popcorn.” George says, presenting the bag to Dream with a flourish. “America is fucking despicable.”

Dream rolls his eyes with a grin. “Oh come on. Nobody here actually eats that.”

“Oh yeah? Then why is it on the shelves?”

“I don’t know George, but trust me. You’re the first person to have touched that bag in years.”

George snorts, and turns back to wander down the aisle and put the bag back from where he’d taken it.

“Grab anything you want by the way,” Dream says when he returns to his side. “Any snacks or things you need.”

“Oh?” George says with an eyebrow raised, turning as if to go back to the cursed pickle popcorn. “In that case...”

Dream just gives an affectionate shake of his head, and mutters an familiar “*idiot*” under his breath.

George does actually throw a couple things into the cart. A bag of his favourite crisps that he was delighted to learn American supermarkets also had, and a few small other snacks that he confirmed Dream also liked before tossing them into the cart. Also, a bucket of chocolate covered raisins, which Dream teased him endlessly for.

“You were making fun of pickle popcorn just before and now you’re buying those? The hypocrisy.”

“Shut up,” George says, setting the bucket down into the cart. “They’re actually good, unlike that monstrosity.”

“Mhm whatever you say.”

The rest of the trip around the store doesn’t take too long, and once they’ve scanned everything through the self checkout, Dream wastes no time in whipping out his card to pay.

“Hey, why don’t you let me cover this one?” George protests, reaching for his wallet.

Dream looks at him like he’s speaking another language “What? No.”

Before George can protest further, Dream has already pressed his card against the EFTPOS machine, and the resounding beep eliminates George’s chances. He sighs defeatedly and lets his arms drop.

“You’ve got to let me pay for *something* one of these days you know.” George says, his mind unintentionally rewinding back to Sapnap’s teasing remark of last night. “People are gonna think you’re my sugar daddy or something.”

“I’m not?”

The open mouthed glare George gives him is enough for Dream to immediately break into a fit of laughter. He keeps wheezing all the way back to the car, drawing numerous stares. It’s all George can do to roll his eyes in annoyance, which only makes Dream laugh harder.

The drive back to the house is short, and soon Dream is pulling back into his driveway and popping open the trunk. Dream insists on carrying almost all the groceries, and so George toes open the entry door with only a single light bag in one hand. Kicking off his shoes by the door, he wanders into the kitchen. But as soon as he gets there, he almost drops the groceries in surprise at what he sees.

There’s a girl sitting at the kitchen counter. Young — probably around fourteen or fifteen, with short blonde hair and scatterings of freckles across her nose. She has a phone in her hand and seems

engaged in whatever she's scrolling through, so much so that she doesn't notice George's entrance, or the fact he's still standing there, shell shocked.

That is until George blurts out, "Who the hell are you?"

Her shoulders jump in surprise and she raises her head, eyes widening when she sees him standing there. Her eyes flick up and down as she looks at him.

"That's Clay's hoodie." She says, pointing an accusing finger at the green hoodie clinging to his form. "Who the hell are *you*?"

It's at that moment that Dream decides to finally stumble into the kitchen, shouldering a surplus of heavy bags, and looking a little out of breath.

"George you can put the-"

Dream sees the girl, and all the blood drains from his face.

"What the hell are you doing here?" He hisses.

The girl blinks at him lazily, putting on a sickly sweet quality to her words obviously trying to be sarcastic. "Nice to see you too, big bro."

George blinks. *Big bro?*

"She's your *sister*?"

The girl turns back to George, an amused but not unkind smile on her face. "Sure am. As I asked before, who are you?"

"I'm-" George stammers, "I'm George."

At George's words her relaxed amusement fades and her eyes widen. "George? As in *the George*?"

George frowns in confusion. "*The George*?"

Behind him Dream suddenly chokes, rushing forward to dump the grocery bags beside the counter and wave his hands at his sister to quiet her. They have a silent exchange through their eyes, and George is left awkwardly standing there still thoroughly confused.

Dream has a *sister*?

Now that he sees them side by side, the resemblance is obvious, and George is almost surprised he didn't see it immediately. Their hair is the same shade of dark blonde, and they even have the same freckles and golden eyes. She couldn't be anyone *but* Dream's sister.

But Dream has never mentioned her publicly online. Which, really, George can reason with. But what surprises him is that Dream had also never told *him* anything about having a sister. Even though they've only had five months of solid friendship, from the sheer amount of time they've spent texting or on call, they've probably spent the same amount of proximity together as people who have been friends for years. Dream is by all definitions, George's best friend, and they'd become so close he felt confident in saying Dream knows him better than anybody else, second only to his parents. He'd thought Dream could've probably say the same about him, but if he's been hiding a sister this whole time, then apparently not.

Finally Dream and his sister seem to come to an agreement in their silent battle of extending glaring, and Dream turns back to George, looking extremely pained.

He gives a loud sigh, before waving a hand at his sister. "George, this is my sister Drista. Drista, meet George."

Drista raises an amused eyebrow, and sticks out her hand. "Nice to meet you, *George*."

There seems to be something else going on here, something George doesn't understand. But he's so shell shocked that he can't even *begin* to work it out right now. So, he resigns to dazedly take Drista's hand and gives it a small shake.

"Nice to meet you too?"

Dream looks so pale George is actually starting to get worried. But he also can't help but wonder why exactly Dream is so jarred by this impromptu meeting.

"Clay, just warning you," Drista says suddenly, dropping George's hand and turning back to her brother. "I'm not—"

"Drista is Clay finally home?" Calls a voice from down the hall.

Drista finishes her sentence with a wince. "The only one here."

Dream actually looks like he might pass out. When George hears his next words, he thinks there's a possibility he might too. "Mom's here too?"

Drista nods, lowering her voice. "How did you think I got here, idiot?"

George turns to Dream with wild eyes. "I could hide. For the love of god, please let me hide."

Dream rubs his hands down his face with a exasperated groan while Drista laughs. Eventually, his hands fall and he fixes his sister with a glare. "*Why didn't you tell me you guys were coming?*"

"I did, I texted you!" Drista protests. "Not my fault you were having a supermarket date with hoodie boy."

George chokes at the same time Dream turns an impressive shade of red. "Why am I hoodie boy?"

But it seems Dream's family all have a knack for appearing right before George can get some answers, as Dream's mother chooses that moment to enter the kitchen to see the crowd of people gathered there. Her eyes immediately lock on George in surprise.

"Oh!" She exclaims, "Clay, honey, I didn't realise you had a friend over. This is...?"

“Mom,” Dream coughs, “This is uh, this is George.”

Her eyes widen. “George? As in, *the* George?”

Okay what the *fuck*.

It’s becoming increasingly clear to George that Dream has in fact made his mother and younger sister aware of his existence. But their surprised reactions are making him question *how* exactly Dream has done so. What on earth has Dream told them for him to react to his name like he’s the fucking prince of England?

But right now isn’t really the time to ask, since Dream’s mom and sister are still currently in the room. When Dream’s mother gives him a wide grin and extends a hand, George shakes it with a polite smile of his own, but after, he makes a point of giving Dream a weighted stare. *We are talking about this later.*

Dream looks away from him and coughs into his hand. “Why are you guys here anyway?”

“Just needed to drop some things off,” Dream’s mom says, with an eyebrow raised. “and to see my son since he never leaves the house of his own fruition.”

George has to stifle a snort, and Dream gives him a glare. “You shouldn’t laugh, George. I bet the only time you’ve left your house this year is to go to the airport to come visit me.”

George opens his mouth to retort that he’s actually left the house many times on errands for his mother thank you very much. But quickly realises that retort would only make him sound even more pathetic. He shuts his mouth and frowns.

“Shut up.”

Dream grins. “Make me.”

“You guys flirt weird.” Sounds a voice, causing Dream and George to both turn their heads to Drista still seated at the bench. She looks extremely unimpressed, while Dream’s mother seems to

be examining an extremely interesting pattern in the pure white marble benchtop.

“Shut up.” Dream snaps.

Drista just laughs, bringing her voice up an octave as she mimics Dream. “*Make me.*”

“Well!” Exclaims Dream’s mom, narrowly preventing a homicide with her sharp glare and clap of her hands. “I think Drista and I should head home. I only really needed to drop a few things off anyway.”

George wants to argue, feeling a little bad that Dream’s own mother feels like she’s intruding in her son’s house because of his presence. But the awkward energy and tension in the air is absolutely suffocating, and if it doesn’t dissipate soon George might actually start to fade out of existence as a defense mechanism. Thankfully, Dream seems to feel the same.

“Yes,” Dream says weakly, “Please leave.”

Dream slumps against the door after he shuts it behind his mother and sister, leaning against the wood with a sigh. “Thank fuck that’s over.”

“Though they seem very nice, I can’t help but agree.” George says.

Dream turns to him with a smile and they both dissolve into a fit of laughter. It quickly fades though, and George takes the silence as his cue to ask the question that’s been burning on the tip of his tongue.

“So,” he starts, “care to explain what the fuck all the ‘*the* George?’ shit was about?”

Dream immediately freezes, the tense line of his shoulders visible through the thin material of his shirt.

“It was nothing.”

George gives him a pointed look. “It didn’t sound like nothing. In fact, for some reason the name *George* seems to hold a lot of weight.”

“Can’t you just drop it?” Dream snaps, uncharacteristically venomous.

George’s eyes widen and his chest clenches painfully with sudden anxiety. He doesn’t like the feeling that he could’ve made someone angry or hurt somehow no matter *who* it is, but the fact that Dream is suddenly throwing up defenses makes George feel sick in the very pit of his stomach.

“Sorry,” He mumbles. “But I feel like if you’re talking shit about me to your family I kinda have a right to know.”

“I wasn’t-” Dream starts, seeming to realise that he’s made a mistake. But his mouth just as quickly closes, his expression pained as he seemingly tries to find the words. “It wasn’t anything bad. It wasn’t even really about *you* at all.”

George frowns. “Then what-”

“Do you wanna go somewhere?” Dream suddenly interrupts, cutting him off mid sentence so abruptly George almost flinches.

“Go where?”

Dream gestures vaguely. “Just somewhere.” He says, words laced with a nervous energy. “Away from everybody. No relatives to suddenly pop out of nowhere and make my life a living hell.”

Though it was meant to be a light hearted joke, George doesn’t laugh.

“If I say yes, will you finally be honest with me?”

Dream hangs his head. “Yes.” He raises his head to meet his eyes with an honest gaze. George can tell it takes him a supreme effort not to cower away, and finds comfort in it. “I promise I will.”

George's teeth catch on his bottom lip as he tips his head down to gaze at the floor. "Okay then."

Instead of a expression of excitement, George's agreement seems to make Dream even more nervous than before.

When only a few minutes later the car doors shut firmly and the seatbelts click into place, George can't shake the feeling when they return from wherever Dream is taking them, things between them won't be the same as when they left, and might never be again.

For the first time in almost three months, the ache in his chest is so faint that George barely notices the pain.

#### Chapter End Notes

:D i plan for the next chapter to be the last! can't wait to break some hearts

## together

### Chapter Summary

dream is honest, george is dumb. but come on, we all knew this was going to work out in the end.

### Chapter Notes

guys.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They don't talk throughout the drive.

In order to put a cap on the anxiety buzzing throughout his body, George absolves to do nothing but stare blankly out of the window. Chin in hand, pretending as if the road, trees, and cloudy sky are interesting enough to warrant his full attention. But though his eyes are pointed outside, his mind is completely wired on the man sitting right beside him.

When they roll to a halt at the stoplight, he allows himself a quick glance. He sees Dream's eyes trained on the road before them, muscle in his jaw taut, and his hands gripping the wheel so tight his knuckles are white.

After almost twenty minutes of suffocating silence, George reaches for the radio.

"How do you turn this thing on," he huffs after a moment of unsuccessful fiddling, pressing buttons and turning knobs to no avail. "Stupid fucking-"

Wordlessly, Dream takes one hand off the wheel and reaches out, gently nudging George's hand aside and clicking a button. Music starts to play softly from the radio as Dream's hand returns to the wheel. George slumps back into his seat, ignoring the way his skin burns where Dream's hand had touched his.

"Thanks."

Though he's anxious and jittery, with the music and the steady hum of the car as they cruise along the highway, he is able to semi relax as their drive continues.

Dream finally indicates after over an hour, navigating twisting roads and streets before pulling into a car-park, the shitty radio music covering the tense silence.

"So," George says, once Dream has neatly pulled into a set of parallel white lines and killed the engine. "This is the furthest away from "everyone" you could think of?"

"No," Dream says, hand falling to his seatbelt clip, "not yet."

The place Dream has taken him is a national park. Not really an impressive one, fairly small, and the few signed trails George can see leading from the arching entrance are nothing but narrow dirt paths. To Dream's credit though, it certainly does seem deserted. Dream's car is the only one in the entire car park despite it only being mid afternoon.

George frowns as Dream approaches one of the trails. "We're going for a hike?" He eyes both his and Dream's clothes and shoes. "We're not really dressed for it, don't you think?"

"Don't worry, it's not a hard trail." Dream says, already starting down one of the dirt paths, seemingly knowing exactly where he is going. "It doesn't take long to get there."

George has to admit, hiking is probably at the very bottom of the short list of outdoor activities he enjoys. But the curiosity of where Dream is choosing to take him, and the earlier promise of honesty spurs him to follow without argument.

Fortunately, Dream wasn't lying. The trail is easy to follow. Though it weaves in and out through the trees, there is little incline, and so George can trudge along without getting too out of breath.

But he still has to keep his eyes on the rocks and roots at his feet to ensure he doesn't accidentally trip. Which is why he fails to notice when after a while of mindlessly walking Dream stops suddenly, and he stumbles right into the firm muscles of his back.

"Fuck," George murmurs, stepping back. "Sorry."

Dream just waves a dismissive hand, before gesturing to a small opening to their left. “It’s this way now.”

George frowns. The opening isn’t really an *opening* at all. More like a gap between tree branches that’s a little wider than any others. “That doesn’t look like it’s an official trail, don’t you think we should just continue on the main one?”

“Just...” Dream says, “Just trust me, okay? This way.”

George laughs awkwardly when Dream ducks his way under a branch to start down the hidden path. “You’re not going to murder me are you? Leave my body out here so no one can ever find me?”

“Wasn’t planning on it,” Dream calls back, “but if you take any longer, I might consider it.”

George shakes his head in mock distaste, but obediently follows Dream off the main trail into the overgrowth. It is a little more difficult to navigate without a set path, and he has to devote his entire focus on not getting a faceful of branches every step. So George mostly relies on blindly following the sound of Dream crunching his way through the trees, his broad back blocking George’s view as they wander further and further.

Finally, moments before George is about to complain about his aching feet and the scratches littering his arms, his guide stops in his tracks. George manages to stop himself colliding into him this time, and when Dream turns his head over his shoulder, George’s eyes flick to his.

“We’re here.”

George frowns. About to argue that “here” is nothing but dirt, trees and bugs. Not really anything all that phenomenal. But then Dream steps aside and George’s mouth falls open.

Though behind them is nothing but aforementioned dirt and trees, sprawling out before them is a literal pocket of paradise. It’s a gorge, cliffs of jagged rock and boulders built up like an old Roman colosseum, caging them in. Over the edge a gushing waterfall cascades down into the center, where a wide pool of still water ripples. George realises with a start that where they’re standing is also some sort of plateau, right on the edge of the pool as if it were *made* for them. It’s beautiful, and cut off completely from the park trails. Hidden, though not from Dream, apparently.

“How did you find this place?” George says in awe, moving forward to peer over the edge of the plateau they’re standing on. The water below them is so clear George can make out the gravelly bed of polished stones even from this high up.

“I was never one to stick to the trails when I was a kid,” Dream smiles, expression nostalgic. “Wandered off when we went for a family hike when I was fourteen. Been coming here secretly ever since, and have never told a soul.”

“I’m the first person you’ve told?” George asks in surprise.

Dream nods his head. “You asked for honesty, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, honesty. Not to show you your treasured secret spot from childhood.”

It was meant to be a gentle tease, but Dream doesn’t laugh. When he speaks again, his expression is surprisingly serious, words levelled and genuine.

“When I think of honesty, I think of this place.” He says, “It’s the only place I’ve ever felt I could say what I was truly thinking out loud. Where I could just...”

Dream waves his arms around vaguely, letting them fall when he can’t find the word. George nods his head, encouraging Dream to continue.

“Ever since I became a Youtuber,” He starts again, “since I’ve blown up and become a household name on the internet, sometimes, *often*, things get super... overwhelming.” At that Dream lifts a hand to tangle in his own hair, tugging on the strands in frustration. “Having all those eyes on me really fucks me up sometimes you know? Even though I’m literally a *Minecraft* youtuber, everyone has so many expectations, criticisms. Obviously some are warranted, but having everyone hound on me like that all the fucking time... even my own home can feel suffocating. But this place?” At that he lifts a hand, gesturing to the waterfall, the rockface, the trees and open sky. “This is the only place I feel like I can *breathe*.”

At that he demonstrates, chest heaving as he inhales deeply.

“It’s so... *separate* here. Quiet. No people. I can swim, climb, lay in the sun for hours and just *exist* without having to worry about people perceiving me, about whether or not I’m doing it *right*, you

know?"

George nods. He does know. Maybe not to the extent that Dream does, with his insane degree of success. But because of his association with Dream, he too has been thrust into the spotlight of internet fame, and knows what it's like to have all those hungry eyes tracking your every move. To have puppet strings on your existence, as though you constantly have to be performing, and can never just *be*.

"Yeah," He says slowly, once again looking around at the rock walls and cascading water. Tilting his head he looks up at the sky, vinegetted by the leaves of the surrounding trees that effectively cut them off from the rest of the world. Distantly he realises they'd left their phones in the car. Whether or not intentional, he feels glad for it. It truly is just him, and Dream. No distractions. "This does seem like a good place to escape everything."

"It is," Dream says, "It used to be the only place I ever felt like I could let go."

George eyes flick back to him and he crooks an eyebrow. "Used to be?"

Dream's cheeks flush so dark George can see it even through protan, and he quickly looks away. A silence stretches between them, but though George's social awkwardness is screaming at him to fill it with something, *anything*, he forces himself to stay quiet. He came here for honesty, and Dream is finally starting to give it to him. He doesn't dare say anything for fear of cutting off the momentum.

"When I met you," Dream begins, "I really had no intention of taking it any further than a couple tweets and messages. It was just going to be a fun little notice for a fan, you know? Something to have the fanbase freak out over and then I was going to leave it be."

George manages to smother his small start of surprise. Dream didn't mean for all of this to happen? He pushes down the small uncomfortable twist in his gut at the realisation how easy it could've been for them to never meet. How in an alternate universe, George is probably still sitting in his bedroom back in London alone. Dream having remained a simple Youtuber he liked, instead of the man he had fallen in love with. Instead of the man that has taken him to the special place he has never taken anyone, and who is now absolutely spilling his guts to him because he'd asked.

He looks up. "Then why didn't you?"

Despite the serious tone of the conversation, Dream can't help but joke. "Because out of all the millions of stans I have, I was unfortunate enough to think replying to *you* was a good idea."

George can't help but return the comment with a small smile. "Unfortunate?"

"You left me unopened for a *week*," Dream exclaims in mock outrage, but the smile he tries to hide easily gives him away. "While I was sitting there waiting in your requests, you just kept on merrily tweeting about how much you wanted my-"

"Okay! Okay," George interrupts, cheeks hot. "Got it. I already apologised for my... earlier enthusiasm. *Please* stop bringing it up."

Dream doesn't say anything, but his grin is enough for George to want to push him off the low plateau they're perched on, and watch him topple into the water below.

But then the smugness in Dream's expression fades, mellowing into earnest sincerity. "You replying changed my life, you know."

George hums, trying to not melt into a fucking puddle because of the way Dream is looking at him. "In a good way or a bad?"

"Good." Dream says immediately, "Because of you, the last six months of my life are the happiest I've ever had."

George tries to exhale, but it gets caught in his throat, and his fingers tighten into the material of his shirt in an effort not to choke.

"*Oh.*"

"George, I-" Dream starts, words suddenly uncertain. They are laced with a nervous energy that has *George* trembling, eyes burning holes into where he has them fixed on his shoelaces. "There's something about me, about- about how *I feel* that I've been meaning to tell you."

And George can't breathe, because Dream is going to say it. He's actually going to fucking say it.

“I like you. Like, *actually* like you.” Dream says, finally choking out the words with a broken laugh. “God, it’s like we’re in fucking middle school.”

But then his golden eyes meet George’s, and though he’s so nervous and tense it looks downright painful, Dream makes an effort to look earnest.

“That’s why my mom and sister reacted like that,” He explains, “For the past couple months I’ve been... less than subtle. After a couple too many visits where I was moping the whole time I had to... I told them about you.”

“You told them about me?” George cuts in, the words spilling past his lips before he even had time to have the thought. His brain isn’t currently working all that well.

*I like you.*

“Of course I did,” Dream says, “Not everything, but enough. Drista a little more than my mom, which is why when you saw her the other day I... It doesn’t really matter. They just know you as George, the guy living halfway across the world who Clay is turning himself inside out liking.” Suddenly Dream swallows, voice thickening. “As the guy who doesn’t like him back.”

George blinks.

“Are you fucking stupid?”

Dream’s eyes snap up to meet his, looking shocked at his harsh words.

“George I- what?”

George exhales sharply and bows his head, head spinning as he tries to process everything Dream had just told him.

“You like me.”

Dream almost flinches when George says it, like he hadn't realised that he'd actually confessed it until he'd had it repeated back to him.

"Yes," He says quietly. "I do."

And George realises with a start that Dream is quiet, voice thick and shaky because he is *holding back tears*. His hands are trembling where they twist and turn in the material of his shirt, and his Adam's apple bobs every few seconds as he desperately tries to swallow his tears. He looks so vulnerable, so *broken*, and George is so overwhelmed and taken aback that instead of actually giving him an answer to his confession, all he can get out is:

"*Stop.*"

Dream raises his head, eyes glassy. "S-stop?"

"Fuck I-" George stammers, "Just *stop*. Stop crying you're-" He lets out a shuddering breathe, trying to untangle his stupid uncooperative tongue so he say the words he so desperately needs to, has been *aching* to for so long. "Dream I-"

"I'm sorry," Dream interrupts, raising his hands as he bows his head. "This- I- we- you don't need to say anything. I can leave if you want. Or we can drive back and you- you can pack. I totally get if you don't want to stay here anymore. I'm sorry I had to ruin everything."

George wants to scream, but he can't fucking *find the words*.

So he doesn't.

Instead he moves, shifting forward to tear Dream's sweaty hands apart. He places both hands on Dream's jaw, cradling his face and pulling it down to let glassy, bloodshot gold meet brown.

" God," He rasps, " *We're such fucking idiots.*"

Then he surges forward and presses their lips together.

It's clumsy, and honestly, fucking *awful*. George had gone in too hard and too fast, and their mouths collided with the clacking of teeth and the metal tang of blood. Dream's cheeks are wet with tears and George gave him little warning before promptly smashing their faces together, so he's about as pliant as a brick wall. But still George remains, stubbornly pressing closer in a desperate plea. After after only a few beats, Dream seems to realise that he isn't dreaming, and that George did in fact just *kiss him*, and that they are still *technically kissing*. Once the fact has registered his body immediately sags under George's touch. He wastes no time in deepening the kiss with a slight tilt of his head, hesitantly pressing forward in a silent question.

*Does this mean what I think it means?*

George lets his fingers slide from Dream's jaw to the nape of his neck, tangling in his hair and pulling him even closer.

*Yes, you absolute idiot.*

Dream's hesitation seems to melt away all at once, and suddenly he's enveloping George. A hand flies out to grip his waist, a warm weight through the thin cotton of his t-shirt. The other finds his jaw, fingers curling around the smooth cut of bone. All the while their mouths move together, and George breathes through his nose as he pulls him closer by the grip on the back of Dream's neck. The ache in his chest throbs in tandem with the pulse George can feel in the column of Dream's throat. Every place Dream is touching him *burns*, sending waves of delicious, searing heat and sparks across his skin. He has never felt this pleasantly overwhelmed. Has never felt this *alive*.

Dream pulls away first, pupils blown and chest heaving.

“You-”

George gasps, still managing to muster an eye roll even through the daze. “Fucking *obviously*.”

But George's snark goes either completely ignored or unnoticed as Dream absolutely *beams*.

“No fucking way.” He whispers. His hand is still cradling George's face, and he lifts a thumb and lightly brushes it across George's lips, still tingling. Slightly shining with spit. “No way you

actually like me back.”

“Are you kidding?” George says, trying to continue his motif of resigned sarcasm. Though with how much his heart is pounding, and how his legs are so weak they seem viable to give out from underneath him at any moment, he feels it’s not really working.

He allows the front of snark to fall away, and turns his face to give a soft kiss to Dream’s palm, whispering his confession into the warm skin.

*“I fell for you first idiot.”*

Dream stares at the spot where George’s lips are still pressed against his hand in awe, shaking his head. “Not possible.”

“Try me.”

Dream smiles softly, expression still dazed like he’s over the fucking moon. George wants to make fun of him, but he feels the exact same.

“When?”

“Our first call.”

“What?” Dream’s eyes widen, and the hand on George’s face falls, settling on the juncture between George’s shoulder and neck. “We barely knew each other back then.” He says. “Not to mention I was moping like a fucking *loser*.”

“Correction,” George says, fighting not to lean into Dream’s warm palm that covers his collarbone. “You barely knew *me*. I’d been watching you for years and already had a pathetic parasocial obsession with you, evident by the *stan account* I had for you. You crying to me over the phone and being all vulnerable was just the final push.”

Dream absorbs the information with a slight nod of his head. “Huh.”

Suddenly, George feels a cold rush of uncertainty. Sure, they literally just kissed, but what if Dream doesn't actually like him the way he thinks he does? .

“What about you,” George asks, fighting to keep the hesitation out of his tone. “When did you...know?”

Though his cheeks are dusted pink when he makes the admission, Dream spits out his answer so quickly it’s like it was already on the forefront of his mind.

“When you sent me that photo of you in my merch.”

George scoffs. “Seriously?”

“Look okay,” Dream huffs, “I already liked you way too much for it to be rationalised as platonic, but then you sent me that photo, and it just... tipped me over the edge I guess.”

“That is...” George says, “Surprisingly lame.”

“Hey can you blame me?” Dream protests. “Seeing you in my *merch* , it fucking- you were just so *pretty* okay?” At that Dream lifts his hand once again to George’s face, tilting his head up to better look into his eyes. “And you still are.”

Dream rakes his eyes over George’s features and lets out a shaky breath. “God, you’re fucking beautiful.”

George looks up at Dream. The strong cut of his jaw covered in blonde stubble. The freckles splattered across his nose, and his golden eyes fixed on George with so much admiration it burns George from the inside out.

He swallows. “You’re not too bad yourself.”

Dream grins.

“So.” He says, the hand on George’s hip lightly tugging so as to make George sway closer.

“So?”

Dream’s eyes meet his. “I like you.”

George has to bite back his smile. “I like you too.”

Dream doesn’t seem to hold the same bashfulness, and let’s his smile shine its full potential. “Hell fucking yeah.”

“I hate you.” George scoffs, planting a hand on Dream’s chest and trying to push him away. But Dream’s hand on his hip holds firm, and George remains locked in place, unable to escape as Dream leans down, lips brushing lightly over his. But he presses nothing but a light kiss before slightly pulling away.

“Hey,” He whispers, and he’s so close that George is going cross eyed trying to make out every single freckle. “Do you think we can maybe cancel your return flight?”

George hums. “Depends.”

“Depends on what?”

“Whether or not you kiss me in the next ten seconds.”

Dream’s laughter is still bubbling past his lips when they meet again in the middle. George only stubbornly presses against him harder to smother it, if not to hide his own broad smile.

He likes Dream, and Dream likes him back. And they’re kissing by a waterfall away from the world in a secret place Dream has shown nobody else, and it’s warm, and it burns, and it makes every moment of the past six months absolutely fucking worth it.

----

It's not till almost a year later that George posts the tweet.

Attached is a picture of Dream, seated cross legged on the floor with his back to the camera. His face isn't visible, his back is curved over what looks like an instruction manual in one hand. His other is tangled in his hair, tugging on the strands in obvious frustration. On the carpet in front of him is a mess of planks and screws.

**George** @georgenotfound

when ur bf promises that when you move across the world to live with him he'll build a new bed but he can't even read the instructions

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

THEY'RE LITERALLY IN FUCKING SWEDISH

**George** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

i've been here for a week and the whole time we've been sleeping on the pull out. you promised to build us a bed. i want a bed.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

the pull out is comfy :((

**George** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

NO IT ISN'T. I WANT A FUCKING BED.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

if you're going to be difficult, then i'm cancelling our dinner reservations.

**George** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

u were gonna take me out to dinner?? babe <3

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

wanna eat at that shitty italian place and then make out on the pull out when we get home?

**George** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

yea ok.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

*Replying to @georgenotfound*

ily <3

**George** @georgenotfound

*Replying to @dreamwastaken*

ily too idiot :p

**Sapnap** @sappynappy

*Replying to @georgenotfound and @dreamwastaken*

WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT FLIRTING ON THE TIMELINE YOU DISGUSTING MOTHERFUCKERS

**Quackity** @Quackity

*Replying to @georgenotfound and @dreamwastaken*

BF?? DID I READ THAT RIGHT??

**karl :)** @KarlJacobs\_

*Replying to @georgenotfound and @dreamwastaken*

congrats? but u guys were gonna be on my stream tonight can you have dinner and make out later please

**Sapnap** @sapnap

*Replying to @georgenotfound @dreamwastaken and @KarlJacobs\_*

fuck them u have me

**karl :)** @KarlJacobs\_

Replying to @georgenotfound @dreamwastaken and @sapnap

aight bet

## **TWITTER TRENDING**

**DREAM AND GEORGE**

21.4k tweets

*Through a playful jeer at fellow content creator Dream, GeorgeNotFound effectively announces that the two are in fact dating, and that they have already started the process of moving in together.*

**DREAM AND GEORGE ARE DATING?? WHEN I CALLED GEORGE Y/N I DIDN'T THINK HE'D ACTUALLY FOLLOW THROUGH WITH IT TO THE END HOLY FUCKING SHIT???**

*dream and george are dating quick everybody act surprised /h*

*i am so happy for dream and george <3 mostly george though. mans ran a stan acc for the guy and is now moving in with him? truly an entrepreneur. go get that dick george you deserve it /hj*

If you were to tell George from over six months ago that one day, somehow through a few flirtatious tweets he would manage to become friends with the Minecraft Youtuber he ran a stan account for, he would've laughed in your face. If you told him that he would fall in love, would fall faster and harder than he ever thought possible, and that impossibly, *incredibly*, those feelings would be returned? He would've blocked you and subtweeted about “the fucking delusional weirdo” in his DMs.

But now here he is, typing Swedish into google translate in an effort to decipher the instructions for the bed said Youtuber is trying to build for the both of them. And though they've been at it for almost an hour, and his back is still stiff and aching from the shitty pull out, George is smiling so wide his face hurts.

The ache in his chest is a warm constant, and when gold eyes look up from Swedish instructions to meet brown, it burns.

George finds himself thinking that no matter in what universe, and in what way they met, he and Dream would always find themselves here. Locking eyes across the room as they build the beginnings of their new life.

Together.

#### Chapter End Notes

hey <3

ok lol so i wanted to write something heartwarming cause this is literally the end of the fic but i literally can't think of anything to say lmfao. hope you enjoyed the ride ig?? cause even though writing this was the worst fucking thing i have ever done, it was also the best. i loved every second of crippling procrastination.

even if i don't reply to your comments, know that i do read them, and appreciate every single one. thank you so much for the love and support you've given this fic, it made writing it such a fucking blast.

oh also!! though this is the end of flirting on the tl as a fic, i do plan to write a couple oneshot additions of things in-between them getting together and them going public, and of course other little shenanigans of being disgustingly in love and everyone having to put up with it. so, don't be too upset. you will likely be seeing more of fotl!george and fotl!dream in the near future :) (also planning to go through this fic and fix up the typos and general funkiness of some wording at some point, so hopefully if anyone ever wants to re-read, it will be less painful the second time round)

thanks again for all of the love for this fic!! appreciate it so much y'all are the fucking best.

bye <3

## End Notes

hey wassup gimme kisses i love you <3

hope u enjoyed the fic, follow me on [twitter](#) if you so please.

love u all bye bye <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!